

Sports Illustrated

A full-page photograph of Tom Seaver in a New York Mets uniform, captured in a dynamic pose as if he has just thrown a pitch. He is wearing a white pinstriped jersey with blue and orange trim, a blue cap with the Mets logo, and a brown leather glove. The background is a blurred green field.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WEISKOPF IS GOING TO HIS INSIDE PITCH

Turn to page 68, baseball fans. There you are going to find that **BASEBALL'S WEEK**, an SI feature for nearly 25 years, has taken on a new dimension and a new name. Now called **INSIDE PITCH**, it has moved beyond what has been its traditional function of keeping readers posted on the weekly progress of the big league pennant races to provide a behind-the-batting-cage look at the game, something closer, more intimate, more knowing.

The idea is to keep hard-core baseball fans supplied with nuggets of information: not just the announcement of a trade, but an analysis of why the trade was made; not merely the stats of a burgeoning star, but an insight into what makes the newcomer so good. In short, **INSIDE PITCH** will view major league baseball as the fan might see it if he or she were able to travel around to different ball parks each week and hobnob with players, coaches, managers, front-office people and sportswriters.

"I'd like to take our readers to places where they can't go without a press credential," says Staff Writer Herb Weiskopf, longtime proprietor of **BASEBALL'S WEEK**, who has made the transition to **INSIDE PITCH** as readily as a switch-hitter moves from one side of the plate to the other. "For example,

I've always been intrigued by the personality of a team, how different the various clubs are off the field. The humor in one clubhouse can be repulsive, in another genuinely funny. I want our readers to feel they *know* the teams, the players, the managers, the front-office people."

Weiskopf visited almost all of the 26 clubs during his tour of the spring training camps and will fly here and there during the season to stay up to date. Last week, for example, he was in Baltimore, Houston and Chicago. He'll also use regular reports from correspondents with the teams to amplify his own knowledge. Weiskopf believes that practically everyone who follows baseball tends to fantasize a little about it, even long after childhood dreams have been packed away. The intense fan can't help imagining what it might be like to play third base or rightfield, to be involved in an argument with an umpire, to manage a club during a pennant race, to run the whole operation from the front office.

INSIDE PITCH is designed to provide the raw material for such rumination: offbeat items and incidents, clubhouse nicknames, current jargon, why things are going right for this team and wrong for that one, which players are well liked and which aren't, jokes, quotes, trends. If a team with an infield that has been working smoothly suddenly has trouble making the double play, Weiskopf expects to be able to tell SI readers, for example, that the shortstop is playing hurt and is having difficulty moving to his right, or perhaps that the brilliant rookie second baseman is finally becoming gun-shy because of all the rolling blocks base-runners have been throwing at him.

In sum, **INSIDE PITCH** will be a lot more than just names and numbers, and we hope it will be a pitch that will turn into a hit.

Philip D. Hurd

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VIEWPOINT

by JOHN KNOLL

THERE'S NO NEED TO THROW A TANTRUM IF YOU CAN THROW A TENNIS RACKET

In tennis, the racket thrower is considered the lowest form of life. Posh clubs tolerate his outbursts but wish he would join the rival outfit across town. On public courts other players shake their heads in disapproval when he slams his racket. Etiquette clearly doesn't allow that sort of conduct.

But it should! The time has come to make some positive statements about racket throwing. Properly executed, the racket throw is the most satisfying move on the court. It releases tension, harms no one and stimulates the sporting goods industry to ever greater efforts to produce an indestructible racket. At its best, it's a bellowing act of self-disgust, an expression of perfect congruence between inner feeling and outward action that vents all the anger gathered in other areas of life and leaves the thrower free to be an amiable fellow. How many business tensions have accompanied a racket over the fence? How many petty frustrations have exploded along with a racket on the court? Indeed, the throw is an elegant protest against the condition of being human and fallible.

There's abundant historical and experimental evidence to suggest that our natural urge to throw rackets has been artificially stifled by the traditions of sportsmanship and the genteel origin of tennis. Blaming the racket for a missed shot is logical. The English had a concept in medieval times called *dreadnand*, whereby inanimate objects were held responsible for the harm they caused. And even now, who has not thrown a wrench after it has slipped and scraped a knuckle?

The problem with racket throwing is that not just anyone can stumble onto a court and throw well. It's true that the physical act of tossing it is simple enough, but as with so many other things, it's not so much the toss as how it's executed that's important.

The only requirements for good racket throwing, strictly speaking, are a racket and an unsteady game. True, some quality players have been known to produce prodigious heaves, but generally they're not as practiced in the art as hackers,

who perfect better techniques through repetition. A sparkling exception to this rule is occasionally pulled off by a proficient player who throws his racket after a winning, but not perfect, shot to indicate that the shot didn't measure up to his high standards of play. Frequently, such action will undermine the morale of his opponent.

Some thought should go into selection of a proper throwing racket. Metal and graphite rackets sail farther, but wood on pavement makes a more satisfying sound. Opinion is split—as are many rackets—over whether cost can enhance the beauty of a throw. There's something breathtaking about a \$200 graphite sailing through the air, but since the object of the throw is emotional expression, a drugstore special should do. You should buy a racket appropriate to your means that feels good as it leaves your hand. Part of the joy of racket selection is to

There's no room in tennis for anger aimed at an opponent or partner. Many throwers fail to understand this point and so place onlookers in a constant state of terror. The sight of a grown man exploding produces uneasiness in other players and bystanders, so you must tell them it's nothing personal.

When to throw is as important as how to throw. A player who chucks his racket after every missed shot is simply boorish. His opponent will lose interest in the contest as it becomes evident that the thrower is self-destructing. No, racket rages must be rational. Timing is everything. Only serious error deserves quick and certain reaction.

There are times, however, when it's effective to delay the throw, and they occur when you are not quite sure of your feelings—they just haven't jelled after a missed shot. Place the racket down gently on the court, walk slowly around it until your anger seethes into proper focus and then ever so deliberately pick up the racket and slam it into the fence. The subtle message communicated to the world is that you tried to forgive yourself and the racket, but the offense was just too egregious.

Purity of motive is another critical element in throwing. There are many ways to make it appear you're merely throwing your racket, but in fact what you're doing is trying to turn your game around. The time it takes to retrieve your racket from the petunias may cool off a hot opponent. Yours truly recalls hanging a racket up in a tree, whence 15 minutes were needed to retrieve it; when the match resumed, the tide had turned. And bouncing the racket on the court may shake up some delicately constituted souls so that they lose their composure.

Such petty little attempts at making personal gain sully the throw with improper motive. The only reason to throw your racket is that you are mad as hell and aren't going to take it any more. Thoughts of "getting back in the game" are fine after the throw, but during it they only detract from its beauty. Any tangible benefits from throwing are like manna, a blessing of Providence, not to be sought.

We should distinguish between throws and actions that belong under the general heading of "racket abuse," such as the hammer and the head shear. Neither of these moves is a pure throw, for the rack-



ILLUSTRATION BY MATTHEWS HOLT

stand in the aisle of a classy pro shop, drop a racket and listen to the sound as it hits the floor. Shopper beware, however: Store personnel tend to frown on such forms of testing. Oh, yes, make certain the racket you choose is tightly strung to allow for the slack that will inevitably develop from repeated throws.

Once on the court, you must make clear to your opponent that your rage is directed against the racket or yourself.

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VIEWPOINT continued

et never leaves the hand. In the hammer, the player drops to his knees in supplicant fashion but, unlike Bjorn Borg winning at Wimbledon, he pounds the court repeatedly with the head of the racket, using the modern two-handed grip. His attitude can convey suffering at the hands of implacable fate or a fierce eagerness to offer up as a sacrifice to the gods that which has offended him. For variety one can go to the standing hammer, performed with one hand on the hip and the other beating the ground with the racket, which has the added advantage of allowing the racket to last longer.

The head shear—sometimes referred to as the gullotine—involves severing the head of the racket on the net post. It should be tried only with a wooden racket, because the same technique with a metal or graphite model may fracture your hands. Care should be taken to avoid spraying onlookers with potentially lethal splinters.

The hammer and the head shear generally signal the end of the match unless you are equipped with more than one racket. One effective play that can be worked off the hammer and head shear is to rough up the racket badly and quit a few strokes later, explaining that the racket is broken. You could later claim a comeback was in the making except for the broken racket. Caveat: A seasoned opponent may offer you his spare racket, and a cardinal rule is that you may never throw, or otherwise manhandle someone else's.

After racket abuse, there is the "drop," which begins to get us back into the realm of pure racket throwing. The drop is the most simple of racket releases. Properly speaking, it isn't a throw, because it uses only gravity and no muscle power to propel the racket downward. The racket is placed head down and perpendicular to the ground, and the hand is taken off the handle, letting the racket fall lightly to the ground. Not very dramatic, but then the essence of the drop is disdain for yourself and the racket. The move suggests that the offending shot was so awful that you will not honor it with a real throw. Facial expression should be one of reserved contempt and disbelief that such a shot could have been hit, or missed. The better throwers can turn their backs on the falling racket and fling both hands in the air in a sign of surrender before it hits the ground.

We're now ready to discuss the gentleman throw. The classic toss comes out

continued

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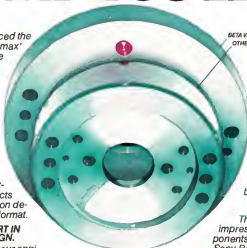
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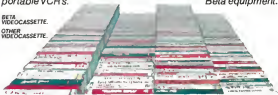
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VIEWPOINT continued

of the overhead smash position and sends the racket sailing end over end, usually into the back fence, where its momentum will be harmlessly arrested. Alternatively, you can whip the racket down and into the court surface, but then the head absorbs all the shock. Even metal rackets can stand only two or three such blows.

It's hard to hit the net from the overhead position, so if that is what you want to do, you should use a sidearm throw that sends the racket parallel to and, perhaps, skittering across the court. Rackets thrown in this way have been known to last for hours.

The ultimate expression of the thrower's art is the "magnum" heave. A two-handed grip emphasizes your determination as you make two full turns of the body, discus style, before the racket is lofted away. At the climactic moment of racket release you can let out a primal grunt loud enough to disturb play six courts away.

There are endless permutations of the three basic tosses—overhead, sidearm, magnum—and one of the pleasures of racket throwing is that you can create a delivery uniquely yours, one that expresses your needs and personality. Certainly you can learn from others, and a good training program is a necessity: You are not going to walk out on the court and let go a perfect throw the first time. Take some old rackets to a court and spend some time getting the feel of them leaving your hand. Experiment, play around a little. Work out what is appropriate for you.

Inevitably, you will accumulate a number of broken rackets, and you may be tempted to deposit them quietly in a garbage can. We all get those feelings from time to time. Harbor no shame. Once off the court, don't retreat into the closet. Display the broken rackets on your den wall as you would a trophy for winning your club championship, or hang them tastefully from a pole lamp in your living room. They make great conversation pieces, and guests will rarely argue with you on any subject once they see those shattered frames. Learn to announce yourself as an alcoholic must: "Yes, I throw tennis rackets." Always, someone will say, "But you seem so gentle"—forgetting to consider why you are so gentle. In short, declaim your status proudly, without apology, for it's of noble and ancient lineage.

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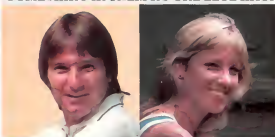
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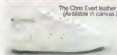
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STATS

by ART HILL

HERE'S A JOURNAL FOR BASEBALL FANS WHO ENJOY NUMBERS AND NOSTALGIA

Do you know that when Nate Colbert drove in 111 runs for the light-hitting San Diego Padres in 1972, he set a major league record? For what? Percentage of a team's runs batted in, by one player in one season: 22.75%. If you were a SABR member, you wouldn't have to ask.

SABR, the Society for American Baseball Research, is made up of more than 3,200 baseball nuts who revel in obscure facts and figures—they keep discovering new ones just when it seems the supply has run out.

Until recently an almost secret society whose members shared their esoteric discoveries mainly with each other, SABR has gone public with a handsome new magazine called *The National Pastime*. You can get it by sending five bucks to SABR, P.O. Box 323, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326. In it you'll find more than 20 articles, ranging from the purely statistical to the engagingly nostalgic. SABR members write these pieces without pay, even though many of them are professional writers.

For example, in the premier issue that came out in the fall of 1982, there was the story of Marty McHale, the Baseball Caruso, as told by Marty himself in an interview with Lawrence S. Ritter, author of *The Glory of Their Times*, a book that has become a baseball classic. McHale was a mediocre pitcher for whom baseball was but one of many careers. He was a successful writer, a vaudeville singer who played the Palace when it booked nothing but the best and a stockbroker.

At the other extreme is a piece by Pete Palmer on the relationship between a team's runs scored and allowed and its winning percentage. Because he gets into square roots and x-factors, Palmer lost me fairly early, but devotees of statistics will, no doubt, find the article riveting.

G.H. Fleming contributes a view of the famed Merkle blunder of 1908, told in the words of contemporary sportswriters. It's interesting as an example of rampant hometown journalism and for the way the writers attack Merkle as (to quote one

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STATS continued

of them) a "boneheaded mutt." In fact, by failing to go from first to second when the winning run was "scoring" from third, Merkle was simply following common practice, as is confirmed by several players who are quoted at the end of the article.

"All the Record Books Are Wrong" by Frank J. Williams is typical of the sort of thing SABR members love. It's a long, meticulously detailed study of the various methods used to determine winning and losing pitchers in the game's early years. The author concludes, not surprisingly, that the won-lost totals of many famous pitchers are inaccurate.

"The Great New York Team of 1927—and It Wasn't the Yankees" by Fred Stein notes that the '27 Giants had seven future Hall of Fame players on board, but still finished third. This leads to an analysis of the importance of sheer numbers of Hall-of-Famers to a team's success. It develops that the best teams generally had fewer immortals than several near-great teams and even a couple of second-division clubs. Do you care? If you're a baseball nut, you probably do, and SABR publications aren't aimed at halfhearted fans.

Besides the articles, the magazine contains a gallery of ancient and rare baseball photos, a cartoon spread and, of course, a quiz (Question: Which park never hosted a no-hit game? Answer: Forbes Field).

SABR intends *The National Pastime* to be "eventually a quarterly, but for now I guess you'd call it an annual," says Editor John Thorn. Its apparent purpose is to attract members for the society. So, if you wish, you can skip the intermediate \$5 step, and send 15 bucks to SABR for a one-year membership. If you do, you'll receive the 1983 edition of the magazine which will come out in the fall, and all the other SABR publications, including the *Baseball Research Journal*, the members-only annual, which has been SABR's sacred book for more than a decade. The *Journal* is not as slick as *The National Pastime*, but it's thicker and all business, filled with articles about players, past and present, famous and obscure, and more records and stats than you knew existed. The supposition is that the invention of the ball, some aeons ago, was followed closely by the invention of the bat, and the ultimate triumph for a SABR member would be to pin down the exact dates of both those events.

END



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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE DEATH OF PISCATORIAL PARADISE

First the Justice Department ruled that three Canadian films, two of them dealing with acid rain, were "political propaganda" and that the distributors therefore had to identify themselves as foreign agents. That resulted in an outcry in the press, the introduction of legislation in Congress to repeal the law under which Justice acted and a legal challenge by the American Civil Liberties Union. Next the Interior Department demanded that the National Wildlife Federation turn over its copy of a film the department had commissioned in 1979, during the Carter presidency, touching on the controversy over whether waterfowl hunters should use steel shot or lead shot. Interior officials said they were trying to block the film's showing because it was "incomplete" and "a disservice to the hunter," but the federation said it would not give its copy up on the grounds that the government had no right to suppress a film made with taxpayers' money.

Those well-publicized controversies have engendered heated debate over such matters as free speech and censorship. But what do the films themselves show? SI Writer-Reporter Brooks Clark, who has viewed all three of the environmental films, reports:

Acid From Heaven (31 minutes): "My lake is dead and so is my business," says 70-year-old Pete Carpenter of his north woods resort, Piscatorial Paradise. Good old Pete heads down to "the university" to find out what killed his business and learns that the culprit is acid rain. By the end of this determinedly homespun but informative Canadian-made docudrama, Pete has become an expert on the subject and assures his town council that it's possible to get rid of acid rain. "The technology is there. The politicians and the people in industry say it's going to cost too much, but that's not true," he says.

Acid Rain: Requiem or Recovery (27 minutes): The second of the Canadian films calls acid rain "one of the miscalculations we made when we learned to burn." An aerial shot of the Statue of Liberty, which has been severely corroded by acid rain, accompanies the narrator's lament that the word "bronzed" no longer connotes permanence—a strange observation since the Statue of Liberty

has a copper surface. A young girl is shown riding a slalom ski as the narrator says, "Water . . . cool and refreshing. Many scientists say life began there. It is ironic that the source of life is a source of death." This one is more somber in tone than *Acid From Heaven*, but no more so than the subject warrants.

Field Testing Steel Shot (28 minutes): Noting almost in passing that millions of waterfowl die each year after ingesting lead shot in the course of normal feeding and that steel shot is an environmentally safer alternative, this documentary examines some of the problems associated with using the latter. Current Interior higher-ups, notably Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife G. Ray Arnett, object that shooting with steel is too difficult for most waterfowl hunters, and that's apparently why the attempt was made to block the film. But the documentary, while admittedly unpolished, is about as evenhanded as it can be and freely concedes that "learning to shoot steel shot well is no easy task." The film's pitch, innocuously enough, is that hunters should simply allow time to practice with steel shot.

FROM LAGOS TO OLYMPIUS

The heroics of Akeem Abdul Olajuwon in the NCAA basketball tournament have been a source of considerable national pride in his native Nigeria. A daily newspaper in Lagos, *The Punch*, carried a front-page story on Olajuwon's role in leading Houston to the NCAA finals under the headline NIGERIAN IS WORLD'S NUMBER ONE, a bit of button-popping that wasn't really all that excessive.

Until very recently basketball was viewed by Nigerians as strictly a woman's game. Introduced to the country by British colonial authorities, it was played on open, bitumen-surfaced courts with no backboards, only metal rings. U.S. Peace Corps volunteers introduced the American-style game in the early 1960s, but it still doesn't rival soccer or boxing in popularity. Today there are fewer than 3,000 "active players" among Nigeria's 90 million inhabitants.

Although Nigerian sports officials conceded that, as one of them put it, "a tree doesn't make a forest," they hope

that Olajuwon's success will stimulate interest in the sport. They also hope that he'll resist the NBA's blandishments long enough to play for Nigeria in the 1984 Olympics. "We shall give Akeem all the help he requires to lead a Nigerian team to Los Angeles," a spokesman for the Ministry of Sports said last week. Indeed, just playing in L.A. would be quite an achievement, because up to now Nigeria has never so much as qualified a basketball team for the Olympics.

PIGSKIN PIGGYBACK

The University of Maryland, although a winner more often than not, has had trouble attracting fans to its football games. A couple of years ago the school tried to remedy this with a costly ad cam-

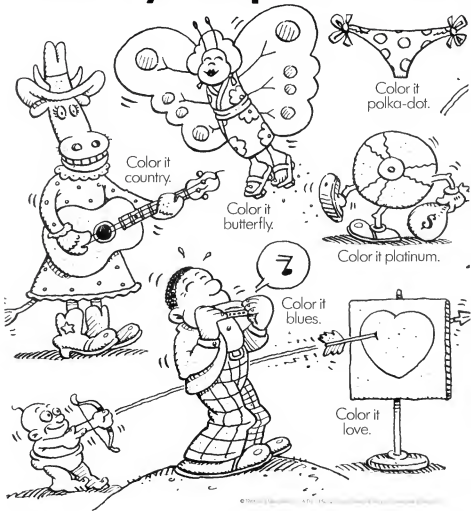


campaign starring Rodney Dangerfield—"I don't get no respect, but Maryland does," the comedian said—but the effort wasn't wholly successful; average attendance for football last season at 42,500-seat Byrd Stadium was still only 32,000.

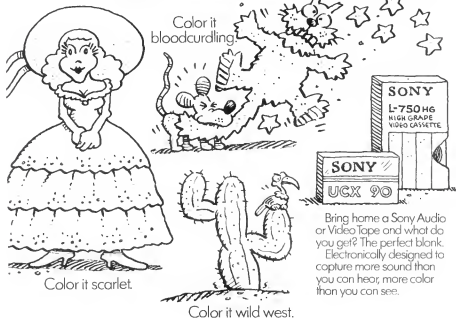
Now the school is trying another approach. Maryland citizens who receive state income tax refunds this year are finding order forms for Terps football games in the envelopes with their refund checks. Maryland law allows self-supported state agencies to make solicita-

continued

Sony Tape. The



Perfect Blank.



tions by means of such "piggyback mailings," apparently on the theory that a lot of refund recipients are sitting around wondering how to spend their windfalls. In laying out \$18,000 for printing and other expenses related to the mailing, the Terps' athletic department is betting that those folks also are looking for a way to spend their Saturday afternoons.

"Psychologically, people are getting a refund check in one hand and the opportunity to buy football tickets in the other," says Frank Gray, assistant athletic director for business affairs. A spokesman for the state comptroller's office said that \$50,000 tax refunds have been sent out so far and that only three taxpayers have complained that the football pitch is inappropriate. Maryland officials are hoping that enough of the remaining \$49,997 refundees will send in for tickets to tax Byrd Stadium's capacity.

NO LEADS

Since Shergar's abduction from an Irish horse farm on Feb. 8 (SI, Feb. 21), hopes for the safe return of the prized stallion have waned and waned. Rumors that secret ransom negotiations were taking place have circulated, and there has also been speculation that Shergar is being held by Irish Republican Army terrorists. On the other hand, Lord Derby, a member of the syndicate that owns the \$30 million horse, says, "I've given up all hope of seeing Shergar alive again. He must be dead."

Many people with an interest in the missing horse are proceeding as if Derby is right. Shortly after Shergar's disappearance, a Canadian news service, noting that the valuable sire had 50 mares on his stud book, characterized him, with gillows humor, as being "late for work." Now, with the breeding season about to get into full swing, most Shergar-booked mares have been placed elsewhere. Quite a few of them had been shipped to Ireland from the U.S., Great Britain and mainland Europe, and in Shergar's absence, many of the mares have been booked to other leading stallions standing in Ireland, such as Habitat, Be My Guest and Golden Fleece. Because most sires already had tight stud schedules, some of these substitute bookings reportedly were arranged only through payment of premium fees.

Police say that no leads to Shergar's whereabouts have turned up. The force

of 30 officers that had initially been assigned to the baffling case has dwindled to half that number, and Detective Chief Superintendent Jim Murphy, who for a time had held twice-daily press conferences, has become tight-lipped. Last week Murphy broke his silence long enough to tell SI's Dublin correspondent, Selwyn Parker, "I have no evidence to suggest that the horse is alive or dead. I'm hoping the whole time that he is alive, but it's getting a bit late in the day, isn't it?"

SLOW DOWN, LARRY

Larry Brown's resignation last week as coach of the New Jersey Nets to take the vacant coaching job at Kansas left him with two dubious distinctions. Brown has now had four coaching jobs in barely four years and has twice quit NBA teams with seasons still in progress. Unhappy about having to deal with what he considered spoiled, overpaid players and citing "tension problems," Brown abandoned the Denver Nuggets late in the 1978-79 season. He wound up at UCLA and said he intended to stay forever because "college kids will listen to you." But after two seasons at UCLA, bothered by the pressures of college coaching and the high cost of living in Los Angeles, he resigned to join the Nets. In quitting the Nets with more than two years left in his four-year contract, Brown said, "I think I belong in a place like Kansas." He said he planned to be at Kansas "a long time."

When it comes to peripateticism, Brown has quite a way to go to catch Lou Saban, whose latest football coaching job is at Central Florida University (SI, April 11). Still, Brown's penchant for turning his back on his employer of the moment is becoming increasingly nettlesome, in no small part because he's so quick to discern similar acts of disloyalty on the part of others. At UCLA he gaped that he was being undermined by alumni and the press. And last season he had scathing things to say about the failure of Nets fans to support his team, which was in last place at the time.

Significantly, the curriculum vitae that has appeared in the media guides of the various teams Brown has been with in recent years neglects to mention that he once was coach at Davidson for all of three months: he was hired after the 1968-69 season but quit before the start

of the next campaign because of disagreements over the recruiting budget, the remodeling of his office and other matters. One Davidson official who was on campus at the time recalls, "I liked Larry, but I remember him as a very nervous, fidgety person. He always seemed in a hurry to get on to the next thing."

WHOOOSH! TIMBER! CHARGE! CRUNCH!

This week's most-daring-use-of-metaphor award goes to Donn Bernstein, ABC-TV's media director for college football, who, like everybody else associated with the sport, is eagerly anticipating a decision—one source says it may be handed down later this month—by the 10th Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals in Denver on last fall's blockbuster antitrust ruling by U.S. District Judge Juan Bureciaga (SCORECARD, Sept. 27, 1982). By way of making the point that Bureciaga's decision, which if upheld would void the NCAA's control of TV rights for college games and allow colleges and conferences to negotiate their own TV deals, could have far-reaching implications, Bernstein last week told the Chicago Tribune: "There's a hurricane on the horizon. And when it hits, a lot of trees will fall. Then you'll have a zoological garden out there with animals running all over the place. The elephants will be stampeding the giraffes, the lions will be stampeding the elephants."

And here you thought the case only affected TV rights.

THEY SAID IT

- Otis Birdsong, New Jersey Nets guard, enumerating the three certainties of life: "Death, taxes and my jump shot."
- Bob Hope, following Howard Cosell to the dais at a National Fitness Foundation awards dinner in Manhattan: "I've enjoyed every minute of this. And, Howard, I've enjoyed every hour of you."
- Orlando Woolridge, Chicago Bulls forward, who has 60 head of cattle and two fishing ponds on his Louisiana ranch: "I'm the Afro-American Curt Gowdy."
- Johnny Carson, after Interior Secretary James Watt announced that he was banning groups like the Beach Boys and the Grap Roots from the Fourth of July celebration on the Washington Mall: "What does Watt know about entertainment anyway? His favorite song is We're the Men of Texaco."

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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 18, 1993

Another Green Jacket For Seve

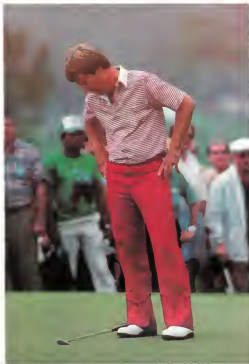


A full-page photograph of Seve Ballesteros in the middle of a golf swing. He is wearing a dark green jacket and dark trousers. The background is a blurred golf course with a green fairway and a light-colored sand trap or bunker. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

**An explosive start on the final day
put Seve Ballesteros in position to
breeze on to his second Masters title**

by DAN JENKINS

CONTINUED



Frustrated by a first-round 76, Crenshaw recovered—70-70-68—to tie for second.

THE MASTERS continued

In what was supposed to have been a thrilling parade of the green jackets through the Georgia pines last Monday afternoon, Severiano Ballesteros stepped out quickly over the first four holes and marched, almost without a hitch, to his second Masters championship. Ballesteros, one stroke behind Raymond Floyd and Craig Stadler and one ahead of Tom Watson and Jodie Mudd at the start of the final round, had a birdie on the 1st hole, an eagle on the 2nd, a par on the 3rd and a birdie on the 4th—that's four under par through four holes, gung—and from there on in the 47th annual Bobby Jones picnic the menu consisted only of Spanish omelettes.

Certainly, later in the day, Ballesteros would have his usual flirtations with calamities down there around Amen Corner on the Augusta National's back nine holes. But he thrives on trouble shots and gives off the feeling that there isn't any place on a golf course he can't escape from. When he won his first Masters, in 1980, he practically ran away and hid from everyone, building himself a 10-stroke lead at one point in the final round, but his aggressive style got him into difficulty and he drifted back to the same four-stroke margin of victory by which he won this time.

It's well remembered that when Ballesteros triumphed at the British Open at Royal Lytham in 1979, for his first major win, he hit so few fairways off the tee that

he was often mistaken for a gallery marshal or a parking-lot attendant. Still, up and down he got, over and over.

What Ballesteros did last Monday was so typical of him, of the style he established at Royal Lytham, that it was almost like watching reruns. First, he went out and killed a golf course that was quite breezy and frustrating. On the 1st hole he sent a seven-iron knifing into the wind and it settled only eight feet from the flag. Birdie. On the twisting, downhill par-5 2nd, he slammed home two wood shots and slam-dunked a 15-foot eagle putt. At the tricky 3rd, a par-4, his seven-iron wasn't on line, but his 20-foot putt barely stayed out for what would have been another birdie. Then on the brutal 205-yard par-3 4th, against a wicked wind, he smashed a two-iron that ate up the flag and left him with only a two-foot putt. By now his challengers were reeling and muttering.

Ballesteros was paired with Watson, who got to watch all of this up close. Floyd and Stadler were directly behind him, so they were privileged to be eyewitnesses as well. The rest saw it on the scoreboards, and sometimes that can be even more depressing. "The first four holes were the best I ever played in my life," Ballesteros said afterward. "If people say I'm lucky after that, I want to be a lucky golfer for many years."

Ballesteros was in the tournament all the way. His first-round 68 had placed him only a stroke out of the lead, his second-round 70 had kept him in the same position, and his third-round 73 hadn't done him any real damage; he was still that single stroke away. His closing three-under 69, largely wrought by his outgoing 31, brought him home with a total of 280, eight under par, and made him \$90,000 richer.

Two shots saved the victory for him on the back nine—and two lucky breaks, which always go along with winning. His iron shot on the dangerous 12th hole cleared Rae's Creek, all right, but only a steep embankment kept the ball on the premises. Instead, it came back down into a spot where he could not only find it, but hit it. He played on to a bogey four, holing a very nice three-foot putt at a time when some real erosion might have set in.

Besides, the competition never got or-



Arnie energized his army one more time with an opening-round 68, but he carded a 76 on Sunday, despite an eagle, and finished 36th.

ganized, Watson massacred the par 5s in this Masters, just as Ballesteros did—they were 13 and 10 under—but Watson putted poorly, and it finally affected his driving. Floyd, generally as tough as they come when he's up front, never made anything happen. Stadler, another gutsy competitor, looked forever as if the gods were against him, and he kept finding ingenious ways to get rid of his clubs. The two-hand stick-in-the-mud was his most colorful. That Watson, Floyd and Stadler could go out to put heat on Ballesteros and each other in the money round and

come limping home with 73, 75 and 76, respectively, may be one of the mysteries of the year.

When all of the green jackets but Seve's disappeared into the dogwood, the runner-up position was shared by Ben Crenshaw and Tom Kite, two young Texans who went out early and came in with a 68 (Crenshaw) and a 69 (Kite). Crenshaw's 68 was the low round on Monday, and he could look back and see that an opening 76 on Thursday, when it seemed as if everyone but Horton Smith broke par, may have cost him his first major title. Crenshaw fired two-under 70s in the second and third rounds; he was thus eight under for the last 54 holes. He said of his terrible first round, "I shot a dial tone. I couldn't get a number."

Crenshaw might have summed up Ballesteros the best, however: "He's a natural. He's the most imaginative player in golf. He knows how to invent shots because he grew up that way, playing with only one club—and sometimes at night. Seve's never in trouble. We see him in the trees quite a lot, but that looks normal to him."

That Ballesteros chipped in for a par 4 on the very last hole was typical of the way he does things. The only thing wrong was that he didn't chip from out of tall

grass or from behind a spray of azaleas.

But then it was an odd Masters all the way. It took three days and a bit to complete the first two rounds, and through it all the tournament had a slightly skewed look. When it wasn't raining, guys were playing golf in darkness, and frequently they were guys who had never had anything at all to do with the Masters. Even the caddies were different, at least some of them, and one was a young woman, as the Masters for the first time allowed the contestants to use their regular tour caddies (or relatives, for that matter) rather than the caddies provided by the Augusta National club for the classic that Jones started back in 1934.

There were other oddities. The Friday round was washed out early, at 8:25 a.m., because Rae's Creek already looked like the Savannah River and the sky was the color of burnt country ham. It was rescheduled for Saturday but wasn't completed that day either because of rain interruptions and darkness. The second round was finally finished on Sunday. Saturday was also the day the players were sent off in threesomes instead of the traditional twosomes, off of the 1st and 10th tees as if this were Pensacola or something. And Saturday not only ended with no official leader—because two groups were still out on the course when night fell—it also ended with no Jack Nicklaus.

Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus.

continued



Stewart got the point of three acupuncture needles but wasn't so sharp on the fourth.



Until the rain finally stopped, squeegee work on greens—here the 13th—was essential.

THE MASTERS continued

What year was this? They were the two biggest stories of the first two rounds, regardless of what the scoreboards told everybody. Thursday found the course soft and the weather windless, the greens holding the most indifferent of iron shots. There were actually 28 sub-par scores and a one-round record of 12 eagles. And despite the fact that Floyd was among the trio of leaders—the others being Gil Morgan and Jack Renner, all of them at five-under 67—it was Palmer's four-under 68 that claimed every headline from Georgia to Zimbabwe.

Obviously, the tame conditions helped Palmer, now 53, to tame the layout he once owned. A close look at the Thursday scores revealed 10 former Masters winners at par or better—none of them Nicklaus. Well, if Charles Coody, Gay Brewer and Billy Casper could do it, why not Palmer?

Palmer himself had least expected it. As he left the practice area to head for the first tee, he'd said to his caddie, "Well, let's go to the slaughterhouse."

It was said that only a week earlier Palmer had been joking around at the Bay Hill Club in Orlando, Fla., where he spends much of his time playing "scat," a complicated golf betting game, with cronies. There he'd been sighted and overheard on a practice green bending over an eight-foot putt and mumbling in the tones of a TV commentator: "If Arnold Palmer can make this putt, he'll be the 1983..." No one counted how many times he missed.

Alas, after he shot a 74 in the second round, Palmer's game caught up with him on Sunday when the real Augusta National course showed up in breezy winds and firming-up greens. He had a 76 despite an eagle on the 13th hole, and was out of things, but he had certainly given the event the kind of excitement it needed. Morgan ultimately claimed the 36-hole lead on Sunday morning after he got out and played the 17th and 18th holes he hadn't been able to finish the day before. So after rounds of 67 and 70, Morgan was the man on top at 137, but he isn't what you call exciting.

After Palmer's pyrotechnics on Thursday, Nicklaus, the other genuine superlunary present, caused all the commotion on Saturday that wasn't brought on by the lousy weather. The sky was the same color as it had been on Friday, and the average length of a round, rain and



Hallett lines up a soggy second-period shot on goal.

squeegie delays included, was about six hours. This had nothing to do with Nicklaus' withdrawal. He had posted a one-over 73 in the first round and had felt all right on Friday when he had nothing to do except hit a few practice shots late in the day after the worst part of the rainstorm had passed. But when he came to the course on Saturday, he hit practice balls and felt a slight spasm in his back. He went into the clubhouse and chinned himself on a doorway, hoping to work it out. He rolled some putts and even went to the tee to begin his round. But after three practice swings, he smiled, shook hands with his playing companions, wished them luck and started back for the clubhouse. Nicklaus' 25th Masters was over before it had really started.

"It's no big deal," he said later. "I just didn't want to go ahead and play and maybe hurt myself." Back in 1980 at the World Series of Golf, Nicklaus' ailing back had forced him out of a tournament, but it had never happened in a major championship.

Other things kept giving this Masters a funny look until the reliables took over. There was, for instance, Jim Hallett. He was an amateur, the only amateur to

make the halfway cut, in fact, and therefore the low amateur in the tournament. He was also the low hockey player, because that's how he holds a golf club—as if it's time for a slapshot—and he swings at the ball as if at some French Canadian's skull. His golf ball even has Boston Bruins stamped on it. Really.

But Hallett, who's in fact a former hockey goalie for Bryant College in Smithfield, R.I., got into the Masters because his slapshot did well for him in last year's U.S. Amateur. He fired a 68 just like Palmer on Thursday. It was the second-lowest round ever registered by an amateur in the Masters. He then sneaked around for a 73 in the marathon second round. A 78 on Sunday took Hallett out of contention, but at least it wasn't the 87 that Calvin Peete had to suffer through that day. It's a score so bizarre as to defy description; it did, however, suggest that Peete, who had been in the hunt through 36 holes, must have suffered an injury or illness. Not so, said Peete. "The golf course got in the way," he said. Monday was better for Peete, but not by much. He had an 80 and finished in 49th place—last among players who made the cut.

A word about two other peculiarities of the 1983 Masters: There was a man in the field who wore knickers, and he wasn't Gene Sarazen, and he had four acupuncture needles in his right ear. That was Payne Stewart. Stewart had one of the better rounds on Thursday, a 70. He would disappear soon enough, especially after his second shot on Sunday hit a lady in the head. But one of his statements would live on. Asked why he had the needles in his ear, Payne said, "One is for temperament, one is for concentration, one is for anxiety, and I can't remember what the fourth one is for." The lady wasn't injured by the shot, but Stewart's memory apparently wasn't jogged by it, either.

Watson deserved most of the credit for the change that allowed players to bring their own caddies. He said to Tournament Chairman Hord Hardin, who's a retired lawyer, many weeks ago, "Suppose you had to go into your biggest trial and you were told you couldn't use your own legal secretary? That's what it's like for us at Augusta." Hardin's answer wasn't long coming: "Mr. Watson, you plead a very strong case."

Watson brought along Bruce Edwards, his regular tour caddie, but George Archer, a past champion, got a Stanford sophomore named Elizabeth Archer, a javelin and discus thrower on the women's track team and the reigning Girls' Queen of Gilroy, Calif., which considers itself the garlic capital of the world—not that many other towns have claimed the honor. From the minute Elizabeth heard that the golfers could bring their own caddies, she said, "Dad, it's got to be me." Elizabeth must have done something right at Augusta; George finished tied for 12th.

It may have been only coincidence that three of the men in the forefront of Monday's scramble were players who brought their own caddies: Floyd Watson and Ballesteros. Stadler kept the Augusta caddie who had helped him to the



New caddies at Augusta included Mark Hayes's regular, Lynn Strickler, and Elizabeth Archer.

green jacket last year. But the toughened-up and dried-out golf course and a scrambling Spaniard had more to do with the outcome than anything else. Crazyness was by then a memory.

On Opening Day at New York's Shea Stadium, Tom Seaver's right knee got dirty, and all the world was young. There was a little more to the day than that, of course, but as Seaver fans are well aware, when he gets a dirt smudge on the right knee of his pants, it means he's sharp. For the first time since June 15, 1977, Seaver, the symbol of the Mets' greatest successes, was in a New York uniform. The largest Opening Day crowd at Shea in 15 years, 51,054, came out to see his return against the Phillies, and the

crowd, the weather and Seaver were better than anybody could have hoped.

At 10:30 a.m. Seaver left his house in Greenwich, Conn., having said goodbye to the women in his life: wife Nancy, daughters Sarah and Anne and mother Betty. "Take your time," said Mom. "Don't rush and don't fall off the mound. Don't swear and don't spit."

Seaver arrived at Shea at 11:15. "He usually comes late on days that he pitches," says Herb Norman, who's in his 17th and last year as the Mets' equipment

manager. "That way he can cut down on distractions. Kooz [another erstwhile Mets ace, Jerry Koosman] used to get on him about it, told him he should treat every day the same. When Tom's not pitching, though, he's one of the first players to arrive."

When Seaver walked in, the clubhouse boys were sitting around a table, working on a special baseball contest in the *Daily News*. There were 20 questions and five tiebreakers, and the fifth tiebreaker was "How many batters will Tom Seaver



strike out this season?" Doug Montana, who would become the Mets bat boy once the game began, yelled, "Hey, Tom, help us win a trip to the World Series. How many batters are you going to strike out this year?"

Seaver, now wearing a USC T shirt, walked over to the table and said, "Let me see this." Then he took the pen and

wrote a number on the entry blank.

"Four hundred and thirteen!" wailed Montana. "You've never had three hundred before. One hundred is more like it." With that, Seaver grabbed Montana around the chest with one arm and began pounding him in mock earnest with his free hand.

Meanwhile, banners were beginning

my heart is pounding out right over my tongue. Then I hear him laugh and say, 'I got you good.'"

Fifteen years ago Lynch was just another kid from Brooklyn, sitting in the stands at Shea. "I was a fanatical Mets fan even when they stunk," he says. "Of course, I remember Tom's near-perfect game against the Cubs in '69. Here they

It Was A Terrific Homecoming

Ending a six-year exile from the Mets, Tom Seaver delighted an Opening Day crowd by pitching six strong innings in a 2-0 win over Philadelphia

by STEVE WULF

to appear over the railings in the upper deck. WELCOME BACK, TOMMY TERRIFIC, and WELCOME HOME, TOM and GT CAME HOME (George Thomas is Seaver's full handle).

At about one o'clock, Seaver went out to the rightfield bullpen to begin warming up. Ed Lynch, the swingman on the Mets staff, was also asked to get ready, in case Seaver hurt the left thigh that had bothered him in spring training.

It wasn't until the Sunday before the Tuesday, April 5 game that Seaver committed himself to his 14th Opening Day. He'd pulled the quadriceps muscle of the thigh during a spring-training game against the Phillies 11 days before, and he'd missed one warmup game and cut short another tune-up. But on Saturday he'd thrown fine.

As Seaver started warming up, Lynch was pacing back and forth. "All these people were here to see him pitch," said Lynch, "and if I'd had to start, I could just hear the boos. No, actually, I'd have heard a lot of whos: 'Who the hell is Ed Lynch?'"

Gene Dusan, the bullpen coach, was standing next to Seaver as he loosened up. "Terrific says to me, 'Watch this,'" said Dusan. "After his next pitch, he starts holding his left thigh as if he's in real pain. Lynch just about died."

"My mouth is open," said Lynch, "and

were in a pennant race and he retires 25 guys in a row. Then Jimmy Qualls gets a single to left center. And what does Seaver do? I'll never forget this because I was so impressed. He motions to the shortstop, Buddy Harrelson, to ask who'll be covering second in case the ball is hit back to him. If it was me who had just lost a perfect game, I'd be crying out there on the mound.

"I remember the first game of the '69 Series, too, when Don Buford of the Orioles led off against Tom with a home run. I was so mad at Ron Swoboda because I thought he should have caught the ball. I remember the day in '70 when Tom struck out 10 Padres in a row, 19 for the game. Al Ferrara was the first and last of the 10 in a row, and he hit a homer off him earlier. Now I'm in an unbelievable situation. I dress next to his locker."

Some of the same memories were running through the minds of the fans at Shea on Opening Day, and in fact, as Seaver was finishing his warmups, the Diamond Vision screen was showing highlights of his career.

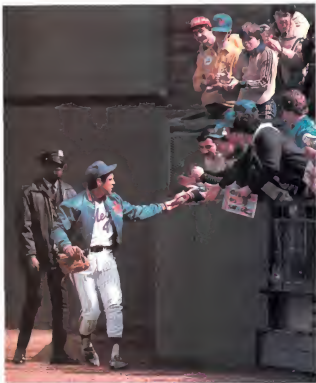
Usually when Seaver finishes his warmups he walks back to the dugout underneath the stands. But the night before, at the Mets' Welcome Home banquet, Tim Hamilton, the club's promotions director, asked him if he would mind walking out on the field, and Seaver said he would be glad to.

The introduction of the starting lineup was made at 1:20. After the eighth batter, Catcher Ron Hodges, was introduced,

continued

His sober man aside, Seaver was tickled by the standing ovation he received at Shea.





TOM SEAVER continued

Public Address Announcer Jack Francis said simply, "Batting ninth and pitching, now warming up in the bullpen. Number 41." No name, just the number. The cheering began.

At 1:29 No. 41 finished his warmups. His catcher, rookie Ronn Reynolds, asked him if he kept his warmup ball or took it to the mound with him. When Seaver asked why, Reynolds explained that there was a handicapped boy near the railing in the rightfield corner who'd asked him for a ball earlier, and maybe Seaver could give the kid the ball.

"I thought it might make his day," said Reynolds. "Heck, maybe it'll make his life." The fans were already on their feet and cheering when Seaver walked over to the stands to give the ball away. "That

showed me so much," said Reynolds. "I had a tear in my eye."

Seaver then began his procession to the dugout. In the crowd were his wife, children, three sisters, mother and father. He tipped his hat, placed it back on his head, tipped it again, waved it twice, put it back on, tipped it once more, this time thrusting it skyward, and disappeared into the dugout.

"I knew it would be emotional," Seaver said later, "but I didn't think it would be that emotional. I had to block out a lot of it because I was pitching, but if I wasn't, I would have cried. I know my mother lost it."

The time came for first-ball ceremonies, and New York Governor Mario Cuomo, the former Pirate farmhand, did the honors with New York City Mayor Edward Koch beside him. Seaver would

En route to the dugout, Seaver stopped to give his warmup ball to a young fan.

outlast both Koch, who left in the first inning, and Cuomo, who didn't make it past the fourth.

Just before the game started, Seaver went the length of the Mets dugout, shaking hands with everybody on the bench, wishing each of them luck, pumping them up. "That was what really gave me the chills," said Hamilton. Then Seaver sprinted to the mound.

The first batter was Pete Rose. The first pitch was a strike. The second pitch was a 1969 fastball that Rose missed. "I didn't know he could throw that hard anymore," said Rose. Four pitches later, Seaver struck him out on a slider, detonating the Shea faithful.

In one of his last appearances as a Met in 1977, Seaver had struck out Rose three times. That was six long years ago. Dave Kingman, who was traded on the same day as Seaver, has been with four different clubs since then; he, Hodges, Craig Swan and John Stearns are the only current Mets who were with New York when Seaver left for Cincinnati.

In 1981 Seaver was 14-2 in the strike-shortened season, but last year he was Tom Terrible, 5-13 with a 5.50 ERA. That also made him Tom Available, and at the winter meetings the Mets agreed to a trade that sent the Reds Pitcher Charlie Puleo and two minor-leaguers. The teams had to get Seaver's permission, and he was happy to oblige. "I wanted to be closer to my family," he said. "I remember my days with the Mets fondly, but my family was my first consideration."

The Mets wanted him for his promotional value—he's living, breathing proof of the team's two National League pennants and one world championship—and because of his knowledge and attitude; he still looks and acts 25. They don't expect him to win his fourth Cy Young Award. And unlike Montana, the hot boy, they don't expect him to help them win a trip to the World Series. "I can still give some good starts," says Seaver. "If we can get consistent starting pitching, if we can keep the team in the game, every part of this team will improve. It's tougher to hit and field when you're down 7-2 than when the score is close."

Seaver kept them as close as he could on Opening Day. His only real trouble came in the first after he walked Joe Mor-

gan. Morgan went to second on a pickoff throw that Kingman couldn't catch, and although Seaver got the error, it should be pointed out that Kingman's fielding grace approximates his social grace. Morgan went to third on a groundout, but Seaver got Mike Schmidt to fly out.

Seaver gave up a single to Tony Perez in the second, but a double play killed the threat. He retired the Phillies in order in the third and fourth. Perez singled again in the fifth, but Seaver got the next three batters. In the sixth he struck out Steve Carlton, but in doing so he felt a twinge in his left thigh. He caught the eye of Manager George Bamberger and pointed to his thigh. The bullpen was alerted.

He struck out Rose again, this time on a changeup. "I can't remember the last time I struck out twice in a game," said Rose. "I must have missed only two balls all spring." Morgan singled, but while trying to stretch the hit into a double, he was thrown out by his old Cincy teammate George Foster. Seaver's knee was good and dirty now.

In the bottom of the sixth, Wally Backman pinch-hit for Seaver, and though the crowd booted lightly, the fans could not have asked for more: Seaver and Carlton in a scoreless duel after six. Seaver's line was six innings, three hits, no runs, one walk and five strikeouts.

Rookie Doug Sisk came in and pitched three fine innings. In the seventh the Mets nudged home two runs off Carlton,



Wife Nancy and daughters Sarah and Anne are the main reasons Seaver came home.

thanks to RBIs by rookies Mike Howard and Brian Giles, giving Sisk the victory.

Even though the game belonged to the rookies, the day belonged to the oldies. Rose was starting his first game in right-field since September of 1971. With Perez at first and Morgan at second, it could've been the early '70s. What really made the game seem timeless, though, was Seaver versus Carlton. It was their fifth Opening Day matchup, the third as Mets vs. Phillies, and Seaver had won the other two. The Mets held a mysterious spell over Carlton, whom they have beaten in 32 of 59 decisions. For Seaver, it was his 14th Opening Day assignment, breaking Robin Roberts' National League record and tying Walter Johnson's major league mark. Seaver's Opening Day record is 6-1.

After Sisk struck out Perez to end the game, Seaver was at the clubhouse door, serving as the official greeter and congratulator. There was even some happiness in

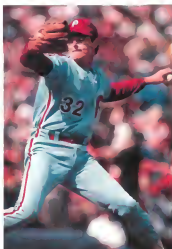
the Phillie clubhouse. Tug McGraw, who was on the same staff with Seaver for seven years and was the last Met pitcher to lose on Opening Day, in 1974, said, "I just got a very nice feeling. I felt terrific for Terrific. The warmth the fans showed him, and the way he gave it back to them, was really nice. A couple of years ago, they had that 'The Magic Is Back' campaign, but that was just a Madison Avenue creation. Today, the magic was back."

The money was also back. Seaver went a long way toward paying off his \$700,000 salary on Opening Day. The paid attendance was almost 8,000 more than it was last year, which means approximately \$80,000 more in revenue. Shea had its largest concessions day in history, with an estimated gross of \$300,000. That included a frankfurter for each person plus 48,000 beers, 18,000 sodas, 11,000 scorecards, 7,500 yearbooks, 9,000 bags of peanuts, 5,000 pretzels and 2,000 popcorns. The good feelings Seaver generated cannot be quantified, however.

"The whole day was very warm and moving," he said. "I always thought that kind of reception was reserved for other people. The only thing I can compare it to was in '69 when I lost the perfect game. All I can say about Opening Day is that it was a perfect day."

END

Carlton, now 27-32 against the Mets, was foiled again.



Has It All Been Thrown Away?

Art Schlichter, a Colt quarterback, was gambling his future in football when he bet heavily with bookies

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN
and DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

"He's a 22-year-old nationally recognized sports celebrity who doesn't smoke, drink or use drugs, who respects and obeys his parents. He is an Ohio State All-American athlete with an All-American personality and you'll love his story."

—Introduction to *Straight Arrow*, a biography of Art Schlichter

Art Schlichter's story isn't so lovely anymore. On March 15 in Columbus, Ohio, he told FBI agents that he'd paid Baltimore bookmakers \$220,000 to settle sports bets he'd lost, plus another \$10,000 for one week's interest on that sum, and still owed them \$159,000. Now, he said, he wanted help. He said the bookies had threatened to go to his NFL team, the Colts, and blow the whistle on him unless he paid up. He agreed to cooperate in rounding up the hookies and bringing them to trial.

The FBI assigned an undercover man, Stephen A. Glaser, to play the part of Schlichter's friend and act as a go-between with the bookies. Schlichter gave

their names as Sammy and Sid. Federal agents checked phone records for January and February and found numerous calls from Schlichter's telephone in Columbus to two numbers in the Baltimore area. One was the home phone of Samuel R. Alascia of Catonsville, Md., Schlichter's Sammy; the other was the number at Alascia's business, a Baltimore meat distributorship known as Golden Home Meat Service. The FBI also obtained records of three calls from the Meat Service

number to Schlichter. Privately, the agents wondered how Schlichter, a rookie backup quarterback for the Colts in 1982, could have been such a lousy bettor, how he could have lost \$220,000 plus interest between Jan. 1 and March 1 and another \$159,000 in eight days, March 1 to 8, as he said he did.

By late March the Bureau had monitored four calls between Sid (later identified by the FBI as Harold E. Brooks Jr., 26, of Baltimore, an employee of Golden





A lawyer for Schlachter, who rarely played in '82, says he didn't bet on any Colt games.

over at 10:15 a.m. on April 1 in Port Columbus International Airport. Glaser would appear ready to fill an empty briefcase brought by the bookies with \$65,000 in 50s and 100s. Then the FBI would move in.

At 10:07 a.m. on Good Friday or April Fools' Day, depending on how you look at it, Brooks, Joseph A. Serio, 24, a Baltimore food salesman, and Charles Thomas Swift, 41, a Baltimore County fireman and Brooks's prospective brother-in-law, stepped off USAir Flight 269 at Gate 11. Also on board had been an FBI agent. The trio walked into the main terminal area, stopped in front of the video-games parlor and waited for Glaser to come out of the snack bar across the way, as arranged. He appeared on schedule, presumably with the \$65,000, and the party made its way through the terminal, toward the escalators that lead to the baggage-claim area. Serio, carrying the empty briefcase, trailed the other three by 10 to 15 yards. His job was to watch out for any law enforcement officials, but he somehow failed to notice 10 FBI agents who filtered out of the snack bar and followed the group through the concourse. The Bureau, ready for anything, had a total of 14 men at the airport.

Just after passing The Buckeye, an airport bar, agents swooped in on Brooks and Swift and handcuffed them. No guns were drawn. Serio, seeing the commotion, kept walking along, casually. He reached the escalator and stopped beside a corn plant to look back at his colleagues. At this point another agent rushed up to him, pushed him against a large Coke display, searched him and handcuffed him.

Forty yards away, at a gift shop called Paradies Airport Shops, a likeness of Art Schlachter serenely took in the action. Prominently displayed at Paradies, as it has been for years, is an artist's sketch of Schlachter in his Ohio State football uni-

form. A play from the 1980 Rose Bowl is diagrammed on a blackboard. Next to it is a manikin wearing No. 10, Schlachter's number at Ohio State. Most of the jerseys on sale at Paradies bear the number 10.

Airport Police Officer Larry Lager, who witnessed the arrests, said airport security had been notified at 8 o'clock that morning that FBI agents would be there but hadn't been given any details. He said that usually the FBI approaches a suspect quietly and walks him away without any handcuffing. "This time they really came out of their shell..." he said. "I've never seen so many badges flying." When Serio was arrested it was just like in the movies, with the FBI agent saying, "This is the FBI. Put your hands on the glass!" The glass was the Coke display.

"All those FBI agents," says a lawyer for one of the defendants. "Jesus Christ, they must have thought they had 'Scarface' Al Capone or something."

"My guy told me that one FBI agent made some comment about April Fools'." G. Warren Mix, Swift's attorney, says. "We didn't think it was a joke when they took him to jail."

The three were arrested on charges of interstate gambling (Alascia was apprehended on the same charges on the same day in Baltimore), an offense punishable by up to five years in prison and/or a \$10,000 fine. After U.S. Magistrate Mark R. Abel read the charges to the three in Columbus and set bail, he asked them if anyone cared to make a statement. "I have a wife, three kids," said Brooks, a burly man, "and I'm scared to death."

The news of Schlachter's gambling didn't break until last Friday, April 8, a week after the arrests and one day after a Federal Grand Jury in Columbus handed down a six-count indictment against the four Baltimore-area men. The story sent shock waves through the football community. Colts' General Manager Ernie Accorsi said he didn't know anything about it until Wednesday, April 6. Coach Frank Kush said he found out a day later; it was "the first thing that greeted me when I came into the office Thursday

continued

Home Meat Service) and Glaser, setting up a payment schedule for Schlachter. Glaser's statement on a complaint sheet issued on April 1 says that Sid verified Schlachter's avowal that the \$159,000 debt was the result of basketball bets. Glaser got the \$10,000 interest already paid knocked off the outstanding balance, reducing Schlachter's debt to \$149,000, which would be paid in three installments between April 1 and 15.

The first installment was to be banded



The display in the airport's gift shop made an ironic commentary on the nearby arrest.

ART SCHLICHTER *continued*

morning," he said. Colt players, none of whom had been particularly close to Schlichter, expressed surprise at the news that their teammate was a high-level gambler. The NFL said it would conduct its own investigation.

In jeopardy is Schlichter's NFL career. The key to his football future, assuming that federal authorities don't press charges against him for gambling illegally, would seem to be whether his betting action involved any NFL games. Commissioner Pete Rozelle's interpretation of paragraph 15 of the standard player's contract, which details possible "severe penalties" for associating with gamblers or gambling activity, has been to punish a player only for betting significant sums on football. In 1963 Rozelle

suspended Green Bay Halfback Paul Hornung and Detroit Defensive Tackle Alex Karras for a year for betting as much as \$500 and \$100, respectively, on NFL games. Rozelle reinstated them in 1964, having drawn a distinction between betting for, as opposed to against, their own teams. "There was no evidence either one ever bet against his own team or performed less than his best in any football game," Rozelle said. Five of Karras' Lion teammates, who had also bet on NFL games, were fined \$2,000 apiece but not suspended.

In 1969 Rozelle became concerned about New York Jet Quarterback Joe Namath's ownership of a bar called Bachelors III, which was frequented by "undesirables," but Rozelle avoided having to invoke the anti-gambling rules by forcing Namath to sell his interest. In 1981 Hall of Fame Quarterback John Unitas was made to leave his consultant's job with the Colts because he allowed his name to be used on a football betting sheet, but that same year Minnesota Quarterback Tommy Kramer was only reprimanded for making a "friendly \$25 bet" on a football game with a bartender, and no action was taken against then-Houston Quarterback Ken Stabler after the league ended a year's investigation into charges that he had had a lengthy association with a convicted bookmaker.

Rozelle has remained silent on Schlichter's possible fate, but at his press conference in Los Angeles two days before last January's Super Bowl, he talked about high-level gambling in general. He

had been asked to comment on reports that Philadelphia Eagles owner Leonard Tose had run up half a million dollars of gambling debts in Atlantic City casinos. "The money that he acknowledged gambling is heavy," Rozelle said, "but the owner does not control the outcome of the game. I'd be a hell of a lot more concerned if I heard that his quarterback, Ron Jaworski, lost \$200,000. He controls the outcome of the game."

The implication was that a player so deeply in the hole could be ripe for any kind of offer, but Schlichter was hardly in a position to influence the outcome of anything last season. He was the fourth player and the first quarterback drafted in 1982. Many scouts felt that Brigham Young Quarterback Jim McMahon, who became a starter for the Chicago Bears, could offer instant help, while Schlichter, whose passing mechanics had eroded in his last two years at Ohio State, would be a long-range project. Mike Pagel, a fourth-round draft choice from Arizona State, beat Schlichter out of the starting spot, and veteran David Hamm edged him for the backup job. Schlichter only got in for fourth-quarter action in the opener, a 24-13 loss to New England, and for mop-up work in the season's last two games, a 44-26 loss to San Diego and a 34-7 loss to Miami.

And in the dreary January days that followed, he apparently fell into a betting pattern that would eventually put him deeply in debt. People connected with the situation are puzzled about three things: where Schlichter got the money for such action, how he could place bets of such magnitude, and how the bookies could let him run up so big a tab before demanding payment. His contract had been comfortable but not overwhelming for a fourth pick—in \$830,000, three-year package, broken down to a \$350,000 bonus, some of it deferred, and yearly salaries of \$140,000, \$160,000 and \$180,000. More than half of his \$140,000 paycheck for 1982 was lost because of the strike. Assuming he did all his betting on basketball, which carries a 20% vigorish to the bookies, and assuming he lost two-thirds of his bets—a high loss ratio for a heavy gambler—Schlichter would have had to bet \$832,700 to run up a \$389,000 debt. Where did he get the money?

continued



Serio knew the arrest was the real thing when he was handcuffed at the Coke sign.



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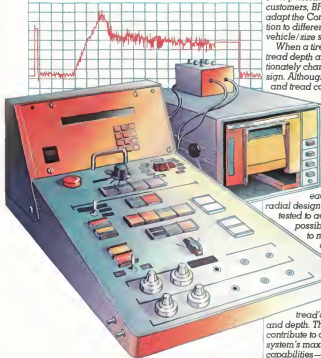
5 IN A SERIES OF TECHNICAL REPORTS FROM BFGOODRICH

OBJECTIVE: Develop a tread pattern that would deliver excellent wet braking performance for the world's best-engineered sport coupes and luxury sedans.

SOLUTION: Expand on the design and technology of The Comp T/A®.

Tow vehicle's computer measures tire performance during wet traction testing.

Wet peak and slide test results indicate traction forces. Horizontal Axis: Coefficient of Friction. Vertical Axis: Elapsed Time.



The Comp T/A® is the most advanced, high-performance street tire on the road today; however, when first introduced it was available in only 50V and 55V series sizes. In order to make the ultimate technology behind this race-oriented radial available to other performance and touring customers, BFGoodrich set out to adapt the Comp T/A radial construction to different driver needs and vehicle/size specifications.

When a tire size is changed, its tread depth and pattern may proportionately change as a result of redesign. Although a tire's construction and tread compound affect tire traction, a tire's tread pattern has the most impact on a tire's wet traction performance at higher speeds. And since traction—particularly wet traction—was a major goal in developing all Comp T/A radials, each new Comp T/A radial design was thoroughly tested to achieve the best possible tread pattern to meet wet traction objectives.

Whether or not a tire's tread pattern yields a high wet traction level depends upon the interaction of the tread's ribs, grooves, and depth. These factors contribute to a total vehicle/tire system's maximum wet traction capabilities—or "available wet traction."



The Comp T/A radial was the only street radial ever to beat pure racing tires at LeMans.

Traction Demand Versus Traction Availability

The amount of tire contact with the road necessary to maintain a desired vehicle direction is called "traction demand." If, in any given maneuver, this demand for traction exceeds the available wet traction, driver control of vehicle speed and/or path will diminish, causing the car to skid. To test a tire's available wet traction, tires must be tested under severe conditions that provide a high demand for traction. These conditions

All Comp T/A radial tread patterns are evaluated for traction capabilities on this highly instrumented tow vehicle/trailer system.



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*Tires were raced at one-half tread depth

include high speed and a smooth road with a wet surface.

Wet Braking Traction Test Procedures

These conditions are created at a comprehensive outdoor facility where extensive traction tests are performed. Ideal for wet traction testing is the facility's skid pad. Here, wet peak and slide tests are conducted; these tests determine a tire's maximum wet braking traction performance.

During this procedure, a test tire is mounted on a longitudinal force trailer. The trailer is attached to a tow vehicle equipped with a myriad of sophisticated instrumentation that measures tire performance. The tow vehicle/trailer system is driven down the skid pad, which is wetted by



The Comp T/A 60V offers exceptional touring qualities while maintaining excellent traction and handling.

sprinklers to the desired water depth. When the test speed is reached, the driver activates the remote-control trailer brakes, at which time braking forces begin to progressively increase. Maximum or "peak"

BF Goodrich



The Comp T/A 70V offers outstanding ride comfort, handling, and traction with minimal tire/road noise.

wet braking traction is reached prior to brake-generated wheel lockup; immediately after wheel lockup, "sliding" traction occurs. The braking traction forces generated are computer-recorded and evaluated. Modifications in the test tire's tread pattern are performed if necessary, until a balance of tread design elements is attained that enables the tire to achieve the required wet braking traction test results.

The ability to attain high levels of wet braking traction utilizing one basic tire design allowed for the expansion of the Comp T/A radial line into a family of premium high-performance tires. It is the first and only family of radials made in America that are all V-speed rated—which assures dependable performance for both touring and high-performance driving.

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At Titleist, we aren't just building traditional clubs. We're building a tradition.



Brass backweights.



Special wooden dowel

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"It smells like the loan sharks got into him," says a former law enforcement official with a close knowledge of gambling operations. "How else would he be paying \$10,000 a week in interest?"

Last weekend a source close to the Schlachter family said, "People talk about [Art's] compulsive gambling. He has been to a psychiatrist to check, and he's not [compulsive]. If he is punished, it will be because of publicity."

Publicity has been the constant companion of Schlachter ever since his high school days, when he was the most sought-after quarterback in the country. In his three-and-a-half years as a starter, Miami Trace High in Washington Court House, Ohio, never lost. In his recruiting pitch to Schlachter, Woody Hayes, then the Buckeye coach, promised the kid that he'd open up the Ohio State attack and let him throw the ball.

Schlachter was a publicist's dream—the good-looking farm boy who stayed home to go to school, who missed nary a start in 48 games, who said the right things, dated a cheerleader and seldom turned down a charity event. But underneath a darker side was emerging. It started at the local racetracks—Scioto Downs for the trotters, Beulah Race Track for the thoroughbreds. Nobody made much of it. What the hell, Fayette County is horse country. Everyone around there owns horses, even Schlachter's mother, even Hayes's successor, Earle Bruce. The kid had been going to the track since high school, but no one remembered him making huge bets.

"He wasn't a good gambler," says a Beulah official. "He didn't know which horses were going to win. Worst of all, he would always listen to touts. A guy would come up to him and say, 'Take the five horse,' and he'd take the five horse. He doesn't understand odds at all, and he never took the time to study why horses win. He just wasn't a real good gambler."

In his junior and senior years at Ohio State, Schlachter was fined three times for traffic violations in a space of 11 months. All three fines were suspended. The third incident, which involved going



Records show Schlachter's calls went to this meat service.

84.5 mph on I-270, caused such a public outcry that the case was reopened and Schlachter was fined \$128. The municipal court referee who had made that decision retired shortly thereafter.

"A lot of these kids who go through the system—college recruiting and all the rest of it—live in a fantasy world," Kush says. "They think they can do anything and get away with it. People think that by the time they reach pro ball they're men. They're not. It's just an extension of what they knew in high school and college."

People at the Olympia Gold Bowl in San Diego, one of the All-Star games that Art played in after his senior year, remember the Schlachters quite well. "His father, Max, did all the negotiating for Art," says Frank Pace, who was an organizer of the game. "He got us to give Art one of the Isuzu cars used for promotional considerations, and Art got another Isuzu because he won the offensive MVP award. And that was just for his play in the first half. He left the game at halftime. He had to fly to Washington for a Touchdown Club dinner, and we had to charter a jet for that purpose at a cost of around \$8,000. Plus, Art got \$2,250, a winner's share, and we flew in Art's parents from the Hula Bowl in Hawaii and gave them food and lodging in San Diego for six

days at a cost of around \$1,000."

"A fantasy world," says Kush. "The whole time they're coming up through the system they think they can get away with anything. Then something happens and it's a shock to them."

And a career hangs in the balance. If Schlachter admits he bet on NFL games, he will surely be suspended. In any event, the volume of dollars he gambled might spur Rozelle into some kind of heavy action. Last Sunday, Schlachter's lawyer, John J. Chester, once a member of Richard Nixon's Watergate defense team, said his client received no promise of immunity, either from the NFL or the FBI, when he turned himself in. Chester then was asked whether Schlachter ever bet on pro football.

"He has never bet on any football game in which he participated or on a team that he was involved with," Chester said, leaving open the question of whether Schlachter bet on any other NFL games. Is it plausible that he could have gambled so much and not have bet on football?

Friends of Schlachter's have said that now that he has gone to the FBI, he fears for his life. But a source close to the investigation says that Schlachter isn't the one who has to be fearful: "If someone booked his bets and laid them off with a person higher up, then he's the one who has to be scared, because there's still a lot of money uncollected."

Hanging over the whole sordid story is the image of Schlachter in happier times, in the summer of 1980, when he was coming back from a sophomore season in which he made All-America and finished fourth in the Weisman balloting.

"What's important to you?" a reporter asked him then.

"I think what I like most of all is respect," he said. "That's it, sure. To be respected for being good and for doing what's right."

Last week he was spotted as he came out of his lawyer's office in Columbus. He was asked if he were Art Schlachter. He smiled.

"I was at one time," he said.

END

Drugs had darkened John Reaves's family life and football career, but now he's a bright spot in the USFL.

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



He Has Seen The Light

When Tampa Bay of the USFL began the season last month, its pluses were that it had the best nickname in football (Bandits); the best marketing (advertising catchline: "All the fun the law allows"); the most glamorous ownership (Burt Reynolds is in for 5%; his pal Loni Anderson appears on a Bandit poster that says, SPECIAL THRILLS PROMISED

THIS SPRING); some of the best weather in the league; and a town that is bonkers over football.

The major minus was that the Bandits didn't appear to have much football ability. Central to that shortcoming was their quarterback, John Reaves. He had played with four different teams during his nine NFL seasons, and over that span he'd

been arrested more often (three times) than he'd led his clubs to victory (twice). The word on Reaves was that drugs and alcohol had made him damaged goods.

But after their first four games the Bandits were the only undefeated team in the USFL. That was mostly because Reaves was playing not as he had in the NFL but as he had one glorious autumn

John and Patti, here with David and Layla, are still high, though not on booze or pills.

afternoon 14 years before at the University of Florida.

For openers, Reeves bombed the Boston Breakers, completing 28 of 39 passes for 358 yards and three TDs. Next time out, against the Michigan Panthers, he threw for 154 yards and one touchdown. In Week 3, against the New Jersey Generals, he aired out his arm again: 19 of 29, 255 yards, three TDs. In a league desperate for a star, Reeves shot across the sky.

After a subsequent Bandit victory over the Philadelphia Stars he was tied for the USFL lead in touchdown passes with eight and was second in passing yardage with 1,036.

And then, a fortnight ago with the Chicago Blitz in town, Bart and Loni in attendance and a splendid advance ticket sale of 53,344, Reeves was awful. He threw four interceptions, and Coach Steve Spurrier yanked him in the third quarter as booing reached a crescendo. Tampa Bay was hammered, 42-3.

Asked about the boos, Reeves said, "I deserved 'em. If I'd been in the stands, I'd

have booed me." Then he walked outside the stadium to where his wife, Patti, and some friends were waiting for him—all wearing masks. "I almost didn't recognize you," said Reeves. Said Patti, "That's the point, John." Reeves laughed and put on a mask himself.

Then, presto, it was off with the mask last Saturday night, as Reeves threw for 357 yards in leading the Bandits to a 22-16 overtime victory over the Denver Gold, setting up the winning touchdown with a 28-yard bull's-eye to Wide Receiver Eric Truvillion.

Who is the man behind the mask? The three-week roller-coaster ride—way up against Philly, way down against Chicago and then up again against Denver—could be taken as a master plan for Reeves's career. When he was a sophomore at Florida in 1969, his very first pass in his college football debut went 70 yards for a touchdown. That day he threw five TD passes as the Gators thrashed highly regarded Houston 59-34; six weeks later, against Auburn, he had an NCAA-record nine interceptions in a 38-12 defeat. In 1972 he was the No. 1 draft pick of the Philadelphia Eagles, within a couple of years he was, in his own words, "strung out on dope. Eventually I was separated from my wife, estranged from my children, an alcoholic, \$100,000 in debt, wrecking cars, causing scenes in restaurants and hiding from the police." He sighs and says, "And to think I figured if I made it to the NFL, I'd live happily ever after."

In Tampa in 1973, a policeman happened upon Reeves and some friends in a parking lot and said he was going to arrest them for taking puffs on a joint. Reeves screamed, "My name is John Reeves. I play football for the Philadelphia Eagles. You can't arrest me." At which time he was arrested—and subsequently acquitted.

Along with Spurrier, Reeves is one of the two biggest heroes in University of Florida history: he holds 13 Gator passing records. Yet after a brilliant sophomore year—the Gators finished 9-1-1—he fell, gradually at first, into big league

continued

In Tampa's opener, Reeves zipped Boston with three TD passes in a 21-17 victory.





Spurrier, who was Reeves's predecessor as the Gators' big star, is now his coach.

JOHN REEVES *continued*

drinking and pot smoking. And that, Reeves was saying sadly the other evening at his Tampa home, ruined the chances the Gators had for superior records in the next two years. Florida slumped to 7-4 his junior year and collapsed to 4-7 his senior year.

Reeves remembers when he smoked his first joint. It was in February 1970, and the source was a former Florida player. They drove around Gainesville puff-

ing away. "I didn't like it when I did it," Reeves says. "I knew it was wrong and I felt extremely guilty. But I did it anyway. It was just plain dumb. My whole life started going downhill—my grades, my ability as an athlete, my relationships with my fellow students and teammates. I could see that was the cause. But I wouldn't quit."

Reeves believes his problem really started with those five TD throws against Houston. In retrospect that was at least four too many for him to handle. "I played it to the hilt," he recalls. "It all went to my head. I was a sight to see. I had leather pants, pink suede boots and a handkerchief around my neck with a little ring. I was puffed up and playing the big shot. I was trying to act like a combination of Joe Namath and James Bond."

These days, Reeves is miraculously back from the dark side of the moon, and it is all the work of the Lord, he says. He's another of the born-again, whose praise-the-Lord-and-snap-the-football philosophies sometimes wear thin on skeptical ears. Still, as far down as Reeves was, it's hard to find any other explanation for his comeback.

Reeves's father, who was divorced from his mother, died when John was nine. His mother had moved the family

(which included John's brother Bob and sister Caroline) from Anniston, Ala., to Tampa, where she and her mother, the late Gussie Johnson, largely raised the kids. Gussie was devout. "I've prayed for you every day since you started playing football," she once told John.

"It hasn't done much good," said John.

"You've never gotten hurt, have you?" said Gussie.

As a quarterback at Robinson High he led his team to the state semifinals in 1967. In basketball he scored 52 points in one game, a school record that still stands. He was a letterman in both baseball and track. And he made the National Honor Society. "The Lord blessed me with a good mind," he says.

But Reeves concedes that "self-control was always a problem, and every time I did anything, I got caught." Once, en route to Daytona for the auto races in his 1961 Chevy, he and his underage buddies bought two cases of beer, covered them with a blanket, put them in the car and were promptly stopped by police.

Another time, an older student asked Reeves to ride to school in the older kid's Jaguar. "Would I? That was the finest-looking automobile I'd ever seen," says Reeves. "It was beige with real mahogany paneling and leather seats. This kid was cool. He wore Giant shirts. I got in and he said, 'Want a beer, John?' I said, 'Oh, yeah, yeah, I'm cool. Let me have one of those things.' I got to school and I'm looped." He was suspended.

Then the colleges came a-courting, but only Florida had a chance. "I loved the Gators," he says. "I had fallen in love with Steve Spurrier when he was a Heisman winner there. It was like Camelot."

Before his sophomore year, Reeves met Patti. She was blonde and gorgeous. She had been homecoming queen at Orlando Evans High and Miss Orlando Junior College, and while at Florida she would be SAE Sweetheart, Camellia Queen, Engineering Queen, Tangerine Bowl Queen, Florida Citrus Queen and Homecoming Queen. She was a model in college and, after that, a stewardess, based in New York. The Golden Couple.

Reeves's golden arm had erased Spurrier's Florida single-game passing-yardage record in its first try. In his final college game he surpassed the NCAA three-year career record of 7,544 yards that had been held by Stanford's Jim Plunkett.

continued



In '69 Gator Bowl, Reeves's TD toss was the margin in a 14-13 upset of Tennessee.

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Never mind that Reaves broke the mark as a result of the celebrated "great laydown." With a big lead late in the fourth quarter against Miami, Reaves needed only 13 yards to set the record. At that point Florida went into the Gator Flop and deliberately let Miami score so Florida could get the ball back and Reaves could throw some more. He did so, beating out Plunkett by five yards.

Despite the Gators' mediocre record in his junior and senior years and his increasing use of liquor and pot, Reaves was the campus hero—with an ego to match. The Eagles picked him first despite concern that Reaves lacked the ability to scramble. Doubtters remembered the 1970 Auburn game, in which he was sacked six times and threw four interceptions as the Gators lost 63-14. He started for the Eagles as a rookie and Philadelphia wound up 2-11-1. "I just wasn't very good," Reaves says. Indeed, he was sacked a horrendous 38 times, but somebody liked him; he was named to the NFL's All-Rookie team.

Meanwhile, his smoking and drinking were also all-league. He recalls one night having a shot of tequila, a rum and Coke, a vodka and orange juice—then starting over. Many times. In 1973, before his second season with the Eagles, he and Patti were married, and from then on she was there "slugging it out with me"—sharing pills and pot.

Before the '73 season the Eagles acquired Roman Gabriel and sat Reaves down. One Sunday that year Gabriel was hurt during a game against Dallas and Reaves came in. He was terrible and Coach Mike McCormack was livid. But the partying went on. "I liked to get high," says Patti. "We partied with players and with society types. There was marijuana, then uppers. I can't imagine being such an idiot."

Reaves went back to the bench. And his marriage soon soured. Patti left John at least 10 times, she says. So fragile was their relationship that even when she returned, she kept a packed suitcase under the bed. Soon Reaves was traded to Cincinnati, where he mostly sat and watched Kenny Anderson play quarterback.

It was in Cincinnati in 1976 that Patti, who by then had started thinking about



(TOP) TAMPA, Fla. July 14—(1980 COMPETENT—John Reaves, reserve quarterback for the Minnesota Vikings, says he's pleased with a judge's ruling Tuesday that revoked an order committing him to a mental health center. A psychiatrist testified during a brief hearing the 30-year-old athlete is competent, and assured the court there should be no more displays of irrational behavior. (AP L&S/PHOTO) (p121045 mbr) 1980. ST. PETE, BRADENTON, CLEARWATER OUT

divorcing "this man I hate," says she was born again during a Bible study meeting. She quit pills and pot and became compassionate toward John. He was suspicious. "What are you trying to pull?" he said. Back in Tampa during the off-season, Patti remembers inviting her new friends to dinner to try to influence John, but "he would actually pass out at the table. I'd say, 'I'm so sorry. John is real tired.'"

In 1979, Reaves was cut by the Bengals and picked up by the Vikings, thus he got to sit and watch Tommy Kramer play. He didn't play a single down in return for his \$100,000 paycheck. Hello, cocaine. "I started because I sensed it was all over for me," says Reaves. "I couldn't face it. I didn't know what I could do without football." He started off spending an occasional \$100 for a gram of coke. That soon escalated to \$500 for a quarter-ounce, which lasted him two or three days.

"It got to a point where I was literally saturated with drugs and alcohol. I was

flamboyant bosses Engelberg (left) and Bassett decided to give Reaves one more chance.

By '80, Reaves was in the papers more for this sort of thing than for football.

becoming violent. My nose was runny, my liver was swollen, my skin and complexion looked waxy. My friends were abandoning me, my wife couldn't stand me anymore. My habit was more important to me than my wife and family, so after the '79 season I moved out. That gave me the freedom to do whatever I wanted to do, and I got worse, if you can imagine. I was out of control. On May 14, 1980, I saw an old high school friend. He gave me four or five pills and I took them all at once. Then I went to my car [a Mercedes he had bought two weeks earlier] and went driving through the streets of Tampa at 60 miles an hour. I slammed into a wrecker, totaled it, totaled my car and knocked myself out. When I came to, I was arrested for driving while intoxicated and taken to jail. Nine days later, I was out driving again, blasted, and was taken to jail again, proving that a near fatal accident hadn't taught me anything."

Now there were newspaper headlines: REAVES JARRED AGAIN; MINNESOTA'S REAVES FOUND GUILTY OF DWI. Reaves was fined \$286, his license was

continued



revoked and he was ordered to attend driving school.

In early July, Reaves got into a shouting match at Selena's, a Tampa restaurant. Shortly thereafter, he was before a judge. Reaves recalls that an affidavit from one employee of the restaurant said that "I was strung out on cocaine, Quaaludes and alcohol, that I was a danger, threatening to kill them and myself, and I needed to be committed." Also according to Reaves, another employee said, "I

and having a tag sale to raise money.

With the Vikings' support, Reaves went to the Hazelden Foundation in Center City, Minn., a place sometimes called The Last Resort, before the start of the 1980 season. Reaves insists that God had cleansed him of all drugs and alcohol that day at his brother's house and that he never suffered withdrawal, but he went to Hazelden anyway. Midway through his treatment he was cut by the Vikings, which he considered fair. "The

excited but skeptical; when he walked in the door, she was convinced. "He had this big smile on his face," she says, "and his eyes were clear for the first time in 10 years. I waited all that time because the Lord told me to be patient."

A year later, Housson gave Reaves his final NFL shot, a partial season as Ken Stabler's backup. He had one shining hour, leading the Oilers to a 17-16 win over Oakland. A week and a half later, he was cut. The Oilers won't say so publicly, but a growing discomfort with Reaves' religious involvement—contributed to his exit. Said Reaves of the experience, "They gave me the game ball, a wristwatch, an Oiler belt buckle and my walking papers, in that order." Reaves stayed in Houston, evangelizing and working in real estate, while continuing to hope for another chance in the NFL. No soap. He got his shot with the Bandits when Tampa Tribune Sports Editor Tom McEwen, an acquaintance of Reaves's, informed the team of Reaves's availability.

The Bandits' principal owner, John Bassett, says of Reaves, "We [Bassett and his director of football operations, Bagny Engelberg] felt if it was there once, and it was, then maybe we could get it out again." Tampa Bay signed Reaves to a salary of \$60,000, highest on the team; it rises to \$75,000 next year, plus incentives. "What I hope," says Bassett, "is that he has two brilliant years and we have to pay him \$500,000 to keep him from the Dolphins."

That would be nice, but it won't take big bucks to make the Reaves family happy. They are content in a Georgian-style home that was once filled with only bad memories. Remembering the disastrous years, Reaves smiles—he smiles a lot these days—and says, "The great thing about the Lord is that He will restore the years that were wasted." Reaves, a most patient autograph-signer, usually writes "Jesus loves you" above his signature. The Reaveses still have a 22-foot cabin cruiser he bought—and mischievously named *Patti's Pleasure*—in 1979, but it is a happy boat now. He has a Mercedes again, but he's quick to point out that it's a 1977 model with 126,000 miles on it and that he bought it used for only \$10,500. In the car is a notebook in which Reaves jots down Bible verses. He writes one, then looks up and says, "These are exciting times. It's great to be alive. Praise God."



John and David, wearing a team T shirt, were good eggs at the Bandits' Easter party.

have known him [Reaves] for quite some time, and I believe him to be totally out of his mind at this time." The judge had earlier ordered Reaves picked up and taken to a hospital for psychiatric evaluation. That order was dissolved, but before it was, Reaves fled in terror, hiding out at his brother's home.

"While I was there," he says, "I took a long look at the rotten mess I'd made out of my life and how I'd destroyed everything through the lust of my flesh. I was at the end of myself. I had nothing, zero. I dropped to my knees in anguish right there in Bob's living room and cried out in desperation, and He met me at my point of need." Patti, meanwhile, discovered that they were \$100,000 in debt, and began selling furniture and her jewelry

old me would have walked out right then," he says. "The new me stayed." Out of football, he scratched out a living selling real estate in Tampa. "I had \$500 left in my checking account and things were ripe for a miracle," he says. He promptly wrote out a check for the full \$500 to Bay Shore Methodist Church. Within a week he sold some property for \$90,000 cash; he says he netted \$20,000. Later, he brought off an office building sale and made another \$20,000.

Meanwhile, life on the home front had done a 180-degree turn. While at Hazelden, he wrote to Patti, telling her that an all-new John would soon appear in Tampa, ready to be a proper husband to her and a proper father to their two children, Layla, then five, and David, 1½. She was



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"My son was robbed," Fletcher points out after The Animal lost to Scypion (below).



Mother Fletcher

As a kid, Lucille Fletcher beat up on boys. Now she's a fight judge who also guides the careers of her three boxing sons **by FRANZ LIDZ**

In the smoky half-light of the Copa Room in Atlantic City's Sands Hotel, the ring announcer reads the judges' scorecards: "8-3-1, 7-4-1, 6-5-1. The winner, by unanimous decision, Wilford Scypion!"

But it's not quite unanimous. Lucille Fletcher, mother of Frank (The Animal) Fletcher, who lost that Feb. 13 middleweight fight to Scypion, is dissenting with vigor. A lean and active woman, she'd been prowling just outside the ring for all 12 rounds, yelling, "Dirty taxis! Dirty taxis!" which, translated out of her

West Philadelphia accent, means "dirty tactics." On her card, The Animal was ahead 8-4.

She's still screaming as she climbs into the ring. "My son's been robbed!" she shouts uselessly. The outburst is not merely a display of maternal emotion, however. When it comes to boxing, Lucille knows more than the average mother. She has been a licensed amateur boxing judge for the last six years in Pennsylvania and Ohio. "She's a mouth, but a knowledgeable mouth," says Marty Feldman, The Animal's manager.

Two of Lucille's brothers were pro fighters, and three of her sons still are. And it was she who taught them all how to box. Some folks say she's still the best fighter in the family.

Until he met Scypion, The Animal seemed virtually untamable. He was 16-2-1, and in line to fight Marvelous Marvin Hagler for the title. But Scypion controlled the bout by repeatedly tying Fletcher up, and as a result it's Scypion who'll go into the ring against Hagler on May 13. Lucille claims she would have taken three rounds away from Scypion for holding, butting and grabbing. She had a point. The fight looked more like a Greco-Roman wrestling match than boxing. On the other hand, her judgment may have been clouded by material concerns. A Fletcher-Hagler fight might have brought as much as half a million dollars to her Animal.

A born brawler—perhaps because she had 11 brothers and sisters—Lucille first got interested in boxing by listening to Joe Louis fights on the radio. "When he went into the ring," she says, "he didn't keep us waiting eight rounds to knock somebody out. And when he won, everyone on the block came out banging their pots and pans."

Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson were her favorites. "That man could dance," she says of Robinson. "He'd come into the ring with a well-sunged process and leave 15 rounds later with every hair still in place."

Lucille Turner—that was her maiden name—was a pretty good fighter herself, learning to punch while she was still getting a handle on the ABC's. "My mother and grandmother used to keep me nicely dressed with sashes on my clothes and

ribbons in my hair," she says. "The other girls in school picked on me. My grandmother told me if I ever came home again with my clothes torn, she was going to beat me, too." When Lucille was eight, a classmate taught her how to put combinations together. By the end of fourth grade, she stalked the corridors of Hoffman Elementary School in West Philadelphia with such confidence the other kids were calling her Little Joe Louis.

With her friends Gloria Thompson

terweights. "She taught us how to fight, but she never told us how to duck."

Indeed, Lucille isn't an alumna of the stack-and-move school. "I always felt that if you got the best shot in and hurt 'em, you didn't have to duck. All it takes is one lucky punch," she says. "I watched Big John Tate fool with Mike Weaver on TV," she says, referring to the defense Tate made of his WBA heavyweight title in March 1980. "All of a sudden, I see Big John's head sitting in the middle of the



With E.T. looking on, Lucille shows her brothers, Honeyboy and Dick, who's boss.

and Rosetta Long, she formed a street gang called Glo, Ro and Lo. "I was the littlest, but the leader," Lucille says. "We fought other girl gangs with names like The Top and The Bottom. You never heard about nobody cutting or killing nobody, though. When the fighting stopped, we all shook hands."

Soon she was showing her brothers how to hold their hands and move their heads in a scrap. "She told us to stick with your jab and come over with your right," says brother Dick, who in the early '80s was ranked among the top 10 wel-

screen. "Weaver had knocked Tate out in the 15th round. 'I said, 'I don't believe this.' And I laughed and laughed and laughed." To her, boxing is simple. "Step in and hit him, step back and get out of his way."

Lucille always kept the male Turners from getting stepped on. She remembers that one day when she was growing up her brother Honeyboy was getting beat up by a local bully on the sidewalk in front of their home on Peach Street. She ran inside, tore out some banner posts and grabbed a milk bottle. Thus armed,

continued

she returned to the street with her other brothers. The bully promptly took off to find his brothers. "We never saw him again until 30 years later when he bought the bar around the corner," she says.

She used to beat up her brothers, too. "The only way to escape her was to lock yourself in the bathroom until Mom got home," says Dick, who is 46, a year younger than Lucille. "I punched her once, and she whupped me so bad that my nose bled and my suspenders popped off."

Lucille is 5'2" and 140 pounds, a welterweight with a heavyweight personality. She has a wonderful smile and darting, luminous eyes that rarely miss a detail when she's judging a fight. "We consider her one of our top officials," says Pat Duffy, who's a former president of the Middle Atlantic Boxing Federation. "Lucille has a great ability to pick the right winner. She's a lot better than most of the professionals."

Lucille thinks she can score a bout off TV as well as most judges at ringside. Last June she watched the heavyweight title fight between Larry Holmes and Gerry Cooney on a televised replay, ticking off the punches in her head. By her count, Cooney was way ahead on points. "He got in some mean double combinations," she says. "That dude was sticking his jab in Holmes's face." The way Lucille, and maybe only Lucille, saw it, the fight shouldn't have been stopped on a TKO in the 13th round. "Cooney trapped," she says flatly. "I would have written up the referee for stopping the fight like that."

Lucille became a judge six years ago when the promoters of an exhibition she was attending came up one official short. They asked her if she knew what to look for. Sure, she said. "When it was over," Lucille says, "they came up to me and said, 'Mrs Fletcher, you can judge.'"

"She's cool, very cool," says Duffy. "She's just the opposite of the way she is when she watches her sons fight."

At a boxing club in Harrowgate, an Irish section of Northeast Philly, she sits

at ringside like a queen bee in a hive of buzzing activity. The crowd is howling at a couple of young flyweights. Lucille calmly surveys the action. Her head sways slowly from side to side, dropping lower and lower until she's barely peering above the canvas.

"What did I do wrong, Mrs. Fletcher?" the loser asks her after the decision.

"You weren't hitting nothing but gloves," she tells him. "I can only give points for clear shots. But, honey, you've got a lot of heart."



While sitting in judgment, Fletcher makes sure to keep her cool.

Heart, she says, is what most pros lack, and that's why Lucille has no desire to join the elite ranks of a handful of women who are professional boxing judges. "These amateurs fight their hearts out for trophies," says Lucille. "They've got more energy than the pros. It's more like a street fight."

Lucille gave up fighting at 15, when she became pregnant with her first child, Evonne. She'd fallen for William Fletcher, a soldier boy she'd met at a dance. Two years later they were married. Her first son was Frank; altogether she has had eight children and, though she's only 47, 19 grandchildren. The soldier boy, however, is gone.

"My husband was one to celebrate,"

she says. "On the night of our eighth anniversary, he came home a little too juiced. I'd already packed his bags. It was just like packing groceries. We would've been married 30 years this February, only we've been separated the last 22."

So Lucille raised the children herself. She didn't like crying, so to settle arguments she taught her kids to box. She bought them boxing gloves for Christmas and took them down to the basement. The first to get a bloody nose had to go back upstairs. Her system has produced three pros: Frank, 28; Anthony (Two-Gun) Fletcher, 27, an 11-0 lightweight; and Troy (Forty) Fletcher, 21, a 4-0 bantamweight. "We used to call him Twenty-one," Lucille explains, "but he looks older now."

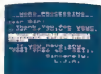
From the beginning, Frank was always in trouble. "I started stealing when I was knee-high to a hoppergrass," he says. "I guess it was more fun stealing than letting somebody buy things for me." He spent much of his adolescence in reform schools, but he did nearly two years at Pennsylvania's Holmesburg State Prison on a simple assault charge. He remembers Holmesburg as "a big stone wall with a lot of sky."

Not that The Animal lacks a wholesome side. Lucille recalls one time when a case of Wheaties turned up in the basement. She suspected that Frank had stolen the cereal, but nobody would tell her where it had come from. "As punishment," she says, "I made them all eat Wheaties until there was none left."

"Frank's just devilish," she says. "I always said he had a rabbit with him somewhere. He's always been lucky—like a frog with nine lives. There wasn't anything the matter with him. At least nothing major." But nothing she did, from lecturing to holding his hand over a lighted burner on the kitchen range, threatening to scorch it, seemed to get through to him. "The only thing that worked was to send him down to the dark cellar. As tough as he is as a boxer, to this day he keeps a light on when he goes to sleep. He's afraid of the dark."

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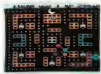
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Fletcher is pleased as punch by the fight trophies of sons Frank, Tony and Troy.

MOTHER FLETCHER *Continued*

Lucille shows up at all Frank's fights in a cream-colored suit with white ruffles, clutching a white Teddy bear clad in an orange T shirt that bears The Animal's likeness. Sometimes she carries a megaphone with animal crackers glued to its sides. Whenever she thinks Frank has won a round, she waves her right index finger over her head. With her caterwauling she competes for Frank's attention with Feldman, who barks in a voice you could open cans with. Frank swears he can block her out. "Lucille doesn't know why he'd want to." "He listens to both of us," she says.

The Animal finds some of his mother's ringside antics embarrassing. "I think she made a spectacular thing of herself at the Scypion fight," he says. He even signed a letter written in his behalf apologizing to the Sands management for Lucille's behavior. In the dressing room an hour after the bout, Lucille was still in overdrive. "You was robbed, Frank," she said as a hint of a smile crept onto Frank's puffy face, and he pinched his mother's cheek. "Why'd you do that?" asked Lucille. "Because I love you," Frank said.

Despite owning a 16-3-1 mark, The Animal should feel forlorn for blowing a title shot.

Between bouts, Lucille enjoys a calmer existence. She spends most of her time with her mother, Ethel Turner, a moon-faced woman who wears a button that says E.T. LIVES. This E.T. lives on a



West Philadelphia block that alternates between being run-down and burnt-out. There, as Lucille says, "Me and my mother sit and run our mouths." When they get up, it's often to walk around the corner to the 46th Street Baptist Church, where they sing with the Voices of Joy, a Gospel choir.

When the spirit moves her, Lucille visits Feldman's gym, a converted dance school at 63rd and Market. The dancers are gone, but the beat goes on. One day last March Lucille ignored the blaring disco as she watched two fighters. Matthew Saad Muhammad, the former WBC light heavyweight champion, was getting hammered by Jamie Olatunde, a sparring partner from Kenya.

"Stick that jab in his face, Saad," she hollers. Lucille smokes cigarettes more or less continuously as she yells at the fighters.

"Keep that jab up there."

Olatunde lands a solid right.

"Back him up, back him up."

Saad Muhammad answers with a shrug.

"Come on, Saad, come off the ropes and lemme see you box."

Olatunde connects with a right cross and a left hook.

"DEE-fense, Saad, DEE-fense. Double up the combination and move out of the way. Come in with a hook, a combination, and then move."

Saad Muhammad comes back with a grimace.

"I mean move outta the way!"

But Saad Muhammad doesn't seem to be taking her advice. He's on the ropes as the bell rings.

"I was trying to do what you said, Mrs. Fletcher," says the former Matthew Franklin, a Philadelphia favorite who lost his title more than a year and a half ago. He hangs his head. "I was tired. I stayed up all night watching TV."

"You can't stay up watching TV and expect to win," she says.

"But I couldn't sleep."

"When you tense up and can't sleep, just lay there."

"But Mrs. Fletcher," he says, trying another tack, "you've just got to understand, I couldn't concentrate with all this disco."

"You should have told them to put on a foxtrot," she says, firing up another cigarette. "After all, boxing ain't nothing but a two-step."

END

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The Tough Titleist

by Robert W. Creamer



Grandeur and goop on K2

As a play 'K2' is wordy and often tedious, but as a show it truly soars

the author has Harold explain, "Mountains are metaphors."

Surely, Harold is one of the most unrelenting bores ever to appear on a stage. Even Taylor loses his temper with him at one point and physically assaults him, injured leg or not. But Taylor really likes Harold. When Taylor finally is about to disappear down the mountain, he looks at Harold and says, "I love you." And Harold says, "I love you, too."

Mountaineering does that to writers. It has inspired more goopy prose than almost any other of man's adventurous endeavors. But in this play it doesn't matter

In the play *K2*, which opened at the Brooks Atkinson Theater in New York in late March, two men are trapped on a tiny shelf of ice 27,000 feet up on K2, the second-highest mountain in the world. They're in desperate straits. One man has a severely injured leg and the other has lost a vitally important length of climbing rope. They face an impossible task in getting themselves down off the mountain.

And that's about it for plot. The entire play takes place on the ice shelf and in its environs, and the two climbers are the entire cast. They do a lot of talking. Taylor, the one who doesn't have the bad leg, is vigorous and upbeat as he tries to figure a way out of the mess. The injured Harold is cynical and fatalistic, scoffing at what he feels is Taylor's Pollyanna attitude. They experience setbacks, including being in the path of an avalanche, and their roles change. Taylor becomes pessimistic and wants to give up, but Harold becomes optimistic—for Taylor. Harold says there's no way he can get off the mountain, but Taylor can save himself. Taylor says no; he's going to stay there and die, too. Harold persuades him to leave because he wants Taylor to survive so that he can hug Harold's wife and baby for him. Taylor says O.K. and goes off down the mountain.

Patrick Meyers, who wrote *K2*, sees a message in all this. The play is about life. We're all living on a shelf, death is inevitable, we must try to survive. He has given his climbers a lot of foul, funny, irreverent lines, but he has interlarded them—I use that verb carefully—with social commentary and deep-dish philosophy. Harold wanders two or three times—figuratively, of course; he can't move with that severely injured leg—from death's door to the lecture platform, where he delivers interminable speeches on cosmic truths. To make sure the audience understands what he's driving at,

too much. Overcoming the shallowness of the writing is the production itself, which is terrific. In essence *K2* is an old-fashioned melodrama, the kind of spectacle, as one New York drama critic said, that must have attracted people to the theater in the old days. When the curtain goes up there's no stage, just the grim, rutted, almost perpendicular side of a mountain. Designed by Ming Cho Lee, it is simply amazing: audiences break into applause at the sight of it. The plot is elementary—two men in terrible danger—but strong, and the actors are fine, even Jay Patterson, who has to cope with Harold's bulldash.

Jeffrey DeMunn as Taylor has to climb the mountain in an effort to retrieve the lost rope, and he does it the way a genuine climber might, whacking an ax into the ice—actually a very tough Styrofoam—digging his spiked boots into it and slowly working his way up the vertical wall. (The holes he gouges are filled in after each performance with freshly sprayed Styrofoam.) DeMunn does this three times, climbing out of sight before descending again to the shelf, an agile and courageous actor clinging to a perpendicular cliff that could give way at any time and land him flat on his back 20 feet below. At one frightening moment he slips, cries out in terror and plummets down the side of the cliff to end up hanging in mid-air at the end of his rope. It may be a little hokey, but as a theatrical device it's remarkably effective. Members of the audience gasp, and then they sigh with relief when DeMunn finally makes his way back to the safety of the tiny shelf. The avalanche, too, is a stunning moment, a great rumbling, building noise and then a sudden roar of snow pouring down the mountain onto the actors and the shelf.

In brief, it's not much of a play, but it's a great show.

END

For whom the Bell toils...

... was up in the air during the off-season, but Buddy Bell is still with Texas



by Jim Kaplan

I wasn't surprising last week that Third Baseman Buddy Bell of Texas drove in the first and final runs of the Rangers' opening night victory and then rose from a sickbed 24 hours later to win another game. Bell usually does these things. A fair-haired boy in every respect, he hits, fields, hustles, coaches for the Boys' Club and would help old ladies across the street—if there were any pedestrians in Arlington, Texas.

But it was surprising that Bell, 31, was still playing for the Rangers. Rumors that he'd be traded started at the end of the 1982 season and continued through the last day of spring training. It seemed that everyone wanted him: the Orioles, the

Dodgers, the White Sox, the Blue Jays, the Yankees, the Cardinals, the Reds, the Bad News Bears. "It made the winter pass quickly," says Bell. "Every day I'd pick up the papers and go somewhere else. My two oldest boys and I got a kick out of it. I was going to teams they'd been reading about, and we were all excited. I told the Rangers that if a deal was made, I wouldn't stand in the way, as long as they sent me to a good team."

Why wasn't he dealt? Logic and history argued that he should have been. "When a club goes way down [Texas was 57-48 in strike-shortened 1981 and 64-98 in 1982], it needs help and there's always the feeling you can make a deal with it," says Chicago White Sox General Manager Roland Hemond.

But, as it turned out, the Rangers weren't open for business. "We went on an internal improvement program based primarily on our minor league clubs," says the new Texas general manager, Joe Klein, a former player and executive in the Rangers' farm system. "I was interested in trading Buddy only because at one point last season he said that was what he wanted. I was hared the day after the season ended. The next day the phone calls started coming in. I heard from more than half the teams in baseball but never got or made a firm offer. We just talked. Maybe they were trying to feel me out because I was new, waiting until I made a mistake by asking for the wrong people."

And maybe Klein was afraid to give up the wrong people. There has been many a bad transaction in the Rangers' 12-year history—trading Len Barker and Bobby Bonds to Cleveland for Jim Kern and Larvell Blanks in 1978, for example—and it could be that Texas was afraid to risk another fiasco with its best player. "Buddy asked us to put a December 15 deadline on trading him," says Klein. "Afterward we listened to other clubs out of courtesy, but the more Buddy became exposed to our program and realized that we weren't going to purge veteran play-

ers, the less he wanted to be traded."

Well, maybe the best trades are the ones that are never made. In sweeping a three-game series from Chicago last week, Texas got impressive performances from some supposedly washed-up veterans (pitchers Rick Honeycutt and Jon Matlack, to name two) and promising youngsters. In one game the Rangers used six players with a year or less of big league experience. At the end of the week, they had a 5-1 record and led the American League West.

As usual, Bell was a pivotal figure. With Texas down 3-0 in the first inning of the opener, new Manager Doug Rader told Mike Richardt to steal second. As Richardt took off, Bell slapped an outside pitch down the right-field line for a run-scoring double. "There was no hit-and-run on and it was a lucky hit," Bell said. The Rangers caught up in the sixth, passed the Sox on Larry Parrish's homer in the seventh and finished them off 5-3 when Bell scored Billy Sample with an eighth-inning single.

By the next day Bell had caught the flu from his wife and four children. "That'll just make him ornerier," said an old friend, Chicago Pitcher Jim Kern, who has played with Bell for 11 of the last 14 years, in Sumter, S.C., Cleveland and Texas. Bell had fluids pumped intravenously into his body for two hours, took a nap, and, sure enough, was ornerier than ever. Not noted for his speed, he nonetheless had two infield hits. He drove in Bucky Dent with the game-winning run by smashing a two-out fifth-inning bouncer off the chest of Third Baseman Vance Law and reaching base with a gallant if unnecessary headfirst slide. In the seventh, he beat out a roller down the third-base line, took second on a wild pitch, moved deftly to third on a fly to left and scored the last run of the game on an error, as Texas won 4-1. "Well," he said sheepishly, "I can run forward."

That's just one of his many talents. Playing for generally weak teams in Cleveland (1972-78) and Texas, Bell has improved steadily. His lifetime average is .285, but in his four years with the Rangers he has batted .304 and won a Gold Glove every season.

"He's the guy I'd build a franchise around," says Kern, echoing a statement

continued

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once made by Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson. "Defensively he's an interesting combination of Graig Nettles and Aurelio Rodriguez: He has Nettles' reactions and range, and Rodriguez' arm." And, says former Gold Glove Third Baseman Rader, a ballet dancer's feet. "To catch a ball properly, you need good feet," adds Rader. "If you don't get yourself in a position to catch properly, you won't do it. Buddy doesn't have foot speed, but he's got excellent agility for a third baseman."

With all of that, why does he get so little recognition? Says Kern: "It's partly because he's played for mediocre teams in parks that aren't great for hitters, but I think the main reason is, he's so smooth he makes everything look simple."

But to Bell the game is simple. "I'm probably one of the least scientific players of all time," he says. "If you think too much, you make the game too complicated. You hit the ball and catch the ball, and that's about it. When I go to clinics, the other instructors don't think I'm very bright."

Bell is the son of Gus Bell, an outfielder for the Pirates, Reds, Mets and Braves who hit 206 homers in 15 big league seasons (1950-64): they're the only father-and-son combination that has played in as many as eight All-Star Games between them. "I was always around a lot of players, and it helped me because I wasn't in awe," says Buddy.

"He was more in awe at first in the minors than when he made it to the majors," says Gus, 54, a jovial sales manager for a temporary-help service in Cincinnati. "But a father can do only so much. Buddy made it because of his desire."

"Well, I never wanted to do anything but be an athlete," says Buddy. "More than anything, I enjoy the fun. It's not so much on the field, but before and after the game. We're still kids. People come off the street and ask themselves, 'Are these guys 30 or 40?' But I think you should stay as young as you can for as long as you can."

Finishing in the second division virtually every year can put gray hair on the most carefree player, though. "Realism and optimism aren't the same thing," he says. "but you have to be optimistic. I think we'll be O.K. If the club shows patience with what we've got, we could have a gold mine."

The Rangers already have a gem at third base.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Opening Day doesn't always open easily. Nowhere was that truer last week than in Baltimore. At Memorial Stadium, banners with the names of the American League teams and cities flapped in the breeze. They were more tangled than spangled: The Toronto banner was upside down and another bore the name ROYALS. A parachutist was supposed to deliver the first ball to the mound, but aw, chute, strong winds blew him off target. He landed, unburnt, in the parking lot.

Former Oriole Brooks Robinson, after fielding a softly thrown grounder at his old third-base spot, uncharacteristically threw the ball into the dirt in front of home. Baltimore Catcher Rick Dempsey spared Brooks an error by digging it out.

Florence Lacey, the leading lady of a road-company production of *Evita* and the designated singer of the national an-

G Players are funny. They respect guys who make a lot of money, even if they don't deserve it. The manager is the most important guy on the team and should be treated on a higher level. Coaches should be regarded highly, too, but because of their comparatively low salaries, they're not. I don't think that's fair.

—JOE MORGAN
PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

them, had to be put on the disabled list at the last moment because of the flu. Fortunately, there was a powerful pinch hitter—Baltimore Opera Company baritone Joseph DiCara.

The umpires then left their dressing quarters and came on the field. Rich Garcia, Al Clark, Vic Voltaggio and Mike Reilly came to attention behind the plate, where Dempsey also stood, and placed their caps over their hearts as they waited for the national anthem. Dempsey had heard DiCara sing but, knowing a good gag when he spotted one, put his cap over his heart also.

In the first inning, the Orioles committed an error that gave the Royals a run. During the seventh-inning stretch, team officials flubbed one, too. Instead of playing John Denver's *Thank God I'm a*

Country Boy, as they have done for seven years, they introduced a new theme song, *That Magic Feeling*. The song evoked lots of feeling, none of it magic: The crowd of 51,889 boomed lustily. An inning later, Denver's toe-tapping tune was back. But where was wanted Oriole skipper Earl Weaver while the Birds were losing 7-2? Playing golf in Miami.

Vida Blue of the Royals, a self-described space-travel freak, was miffed that there was no TV in Baltimore's visiting clubhouse. That meant he couldn't watch the launching of space shuttle Challenger minutes before the first pitch. Blue has a manual detailing the functions of various space vehicles, and he studies it diligently. "When there's a launch, I go page for page with them on TV," Blue said. "It's my simulated flight. I go right down the checklist and pretend I'm helping. They say we're getting so crowded we might have to live in space. I want to be ready. I'd love to go to the moon."

Cincinnati used a real submarine ball for its ceremonial first pitch on Opening Day: it traveled more than 50,000 miles underwater aboard the nuclear sub U.S.S. Cincinnati. . . . Cincy fans didn't see team mascot Mr. Red, but he saw plenty of red after being cut from stadium appearances by the club.

Three of the batters least ready for the season's start obviously were Andre Thornton of the Indians (the hit .088 with no homers in spring training), George Brett of the Royals (two hits and no RBIs in his last 32 exhibition-game at bats) and Willie Upshaw of the Blue Jays (175 and no homers). So what happened? Thornton walloped the first pitch thrown to him for a three-run homer. After Brett's first two trips to the plate he had a double, home run and two RBIs. Upshaw, hitherto called Mr. March because of his spring-training hitting spree, homered

TRAINING ROOM

Texas knock-knuffer Charlie Hough, who was 18-13 last year, is ahead of schedule following arthroscopic surgery on his right knee during spring training. Instead of pulling up an easy chair while recuperating, Hough pulled up a stool, sat down and threw to a catcher. His knee is fine; in fact, Hough pitched four innings of clutch relief last Sunday and got a win.

and singled on Opening Day and was promptly redubbed Mr. April.

Mariner Manager Rene Lachemann and his coaches, who agreed that Clint Hurdle had made the team, were stunned when club President Dan O'Brien sent Hurdle packing despite his .317 exhibition-game average. A few days later Hurdle was signed by the Mets and sent to their Triple A Tidewater team.

Toronto's Bobby Cox was one manager who had his way. Feeling he needed a spare infielder more than another outfielder, Cox trimmed Mitch Webster and retained Mickey Klutts. Webster, 23, hit a club-leading 464 during spring training. Klutts, 28, has had five knee operations and has been in only 177 major league games in seven seasons while accumulating 382 days on the disabled list.

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, feeling he no longer has to play politics now that his days on the job are supposedly num-

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here's an all-star team of players who were on the disabled list Opening Day:

1B—Art Howe, Houston	(.238 in 1982)
2B—Jerry Remy, Boston	(.280)
SS—Tom Herr, St. Louis	(.266)
3B—John Stearns, Mets	(.293)
OF—Lou Piniella, Yankees	(.307)
OF—Willie McGee, St. Louis	(.296)
OF—Von Hayes, Philadelphia	(.250)
C—Milt May, San Francisco	(.263)
RHP—Pete Vuckovich, Mil	(.18-6)
LHP—Burt Burns, White Sox	(.13-5)
Reliever—Rolfie Fingers, Mil.	(29 saves)

lowing fans to vote on hits/errors decisions, but the official rulings would be made by full-time scorers. Organ music at games would be banned. Players would select the All-Star teams and there would be a five-day break for the game, after which no player sales or trades would be permitted. Electronic devices would help umpires call pitches, or there would be two umpires—one on either side of the plate. There would be interleague play. All divisions would be rearranged to make more sense geographically. A pitcher would be allowed to do anything he wants with his motion in an effort to deceive batters and base runners.

Forget it, Gura. They'll never choose you. Your ideas are too good.

Remember when Atlanta Pitcher Pascual Perez got lost while driving to the stadium last year on the day he got his driver's license? Well, the Braves plugged their Opening Day with a 20-second promo that showed Perez giving directions to the stadium to new teammate, Reliever Terry Forster.

In the opinion of White Sox base-running Coach Dave Nelson, his smartest runner is a 225-pounder who's had only 30 steals in 12 years. "In two years here he hasn't made a single base-running mistake," Nelson says. "That's because he's smart and knows his limitations." That's no bull. That's Greg Luzinski.

Before the season began, Red Sox Pitcher Dennis Eckersley vowed he'd stop giving up homers to banjo hitters, and he specifically named Rance Mulliniks of the Blue Jays as a batter of that ilk. Eckersley faced Mulliniks in the second an-

ning of the opener. Result: Mulliniks came through as loud and clear as a bono drummer by bopping a two-run homer. In their next confrontation, Eckersley hit him. Cleveland's Rick Sutcliffe seemed equally determined not to let Oakland's Rickey Henderson steal a base in their opener, throwing 12 times to first to keep him close. Didn't work, though Henderson took off and stole anyway.

San Diego Manager Dick Williams has a strong opinion about the off-season trade that sent the Giants' Joe Morgan and Al Holland to the Phillies for Mike Krukow. "That's going to be a big loss [for San Francisco]," Williams said. "Morgan's leadership is invaluable. And they got rid of Holland, too? I think they're hurting."

The Dodgers and Angels, who set league attendance records last season with 3,608,881 and 2,807,360 people, respectively, are in line to surpass those figures. L.A. cut off its season-ticket sales at a club-record 27,000, and California broke its mark with more than 18,000. Assessing the Dodgers' chances of reaching 4,000,000, ticket manager Walter Nash said, "It depends on the April weather and how the club is going in August and September."

General manager types in both leagues agree that the toughest part of their job these days is dealing with players' agents.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ANDRE THORNTON After starting the year with a homer, Cleveland's designated hitter kept at it, going 10 for 16 overall, with two doubles, two homers and nine RBIs, two of them game-winners.

"A non-roster player had a couple hits in our first intrasquad game this spring, and the next morning his agent called and wanted to renegotiate his contract," says Cleveland's Phil Seghi.

Houston's Joe Sambito, who recently had a third operation on his right elbow, won't pitch again, if at all, until 1984. ... No wonder every big-leaguer wants to wear a World Series ring. The Cardinals' rings are valued at \$1,200 each. ... Cub Pitcher Mike Proby, who's on the disabled list with tendinitis in his right shoulder, says, "I guess I can park in the 'disabled' spaces now."

OH, GIVE ME A FOAM ...

BEER HERE: When Indian President Gabe Paul heard that a brew at Cleveland Stadium would cost \$2, he protested, "That's too much." Paul's frothing paid off. Prices were dropped to \$1.30 and \$1.25, depending on the size of the serving. ... **AND HERE:** Even though Opening Day and Election Day coincided in St. Louis, fans at Busch Stadium toasted their champs in style. Aldermen averted a brewhaha by repealing a law that prevented the sale of alcohol while polls were open. ... **BUT NOT HERE:** The Braves will sell no beer in two special dry sections of 384 reserved seats.

bered, explained frankly why he was in Boston for the opener against Toronto. Said Kuhn, "Every year I go to an opener and I'm asked, 'Why are you here?' This year I can finally answer, 'Because it's Fenway, and it's my favorite park.'"

Here are some of the things Pitcher Larry Gura of the Royals would do if he were named Kuhn's successor: The season would not start before April 15, and night openers wouldn't be allowed in northerly cities. There would be fewer off days in April and more in August and September. One local fan would sit in the home dugout during each game. All stadium seats would have electronic devices al-

Ten miles into Saturday's Rotterdam Marathon, John Graham of Scotland, the race's 1981 champion in 2:09:28, began to edge away from the field. Normally that has a salubrious effect on a competitor. Not Graham. Not this time. He turned, saw the 15-meter margin he'd gained and spread his arms wide, palms up, as if to say, "What have I done wrong?" and let the pack catch up.

Marathoners are almost like milers now. Graham was in the race as a rabbit, to set a world-record pace for half the distance, then drop back and eventually out. The only trouble was that the rest of the pack knew it. They had followed him to a 10-kilometer split of 30:21, a second faster than Alberto Salazar of the U.S.

The Aussie put them all down under

Rob de Castella ran away from a brilliant race field in Rotterdam



had run to that point in his world-best 2:08:13 in New York in 1981. But a few kilometers later it seemed everyone started to think things over. The pack slowed and let Graham go. That was when he began his arm-waving. To be any help at all, he had no choice but to slow as well.

"The race changed," said Rob de Castella of Australia. "It went from fast to tactical. Everyone was conserving, setting himself up, concentrating only on waiting for the right time to make a break."

The runners' caution was a measure of the race's pressure. This is what often happens in Olympic track events. No one wants to exhaust himself by setting the pace, thus risking being outkicked at the end. It's an expression of the mutual re-

by Kenny Moore

spect of all the contenders and of how much each wants to win—purely win, and hang the final time. This wasn't the Olympics, but it was clearly a historic confrontation, being the first marathon involving Salazar, the record holder (insofar as there can be a true record in marathoning, where race courses vary as much as golf courses), undefeated in all four of his marathons (three New Yorks and one Boston), and de Castella, the second fastest ever with his 2:08:18 in Fukuoka, Japan, in late 1981. They weren't alone. Also in the first group of six or seven was Carlos Lopes of Portugal, the 1976 Olympic 10,000-meter silver medalist, who had been second in the World Cross-Country Championships three weeks before (Salazar had been fourth in that race and de Castella sixth). There, too, was Rodolfo Gomez of Mexico, the defending champion, who had driven Salazar to the final quarter mile in last October's New York City Marathon. In fact, of all the claimants to being the best marathoner going, only Toshihiko Seko of Japan, who had won in Tokyo in February with 2:08:38, was absent. "It's going to be the most competitive marathon ever run," de Castella had said.

While milers seem to rise in pairs, as did Bannister and Landy, Ryan and Laquori, Walker and Bayi, Coe and Ovett, the marathon has had a single line of succession, from Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia, the 1960 and 1964 Olympic champion, on through Derek Clayton of Australia, Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers of the U.S., Seko and Salazar. The spectacular rise of de Castella, who won the Commonwealth Games marathon in Brisbane last fall over a rough, hilly course, beating the formidable Juma Ikangaa of Tanzania in 2:09:18, meant that for the first time in 30 years the two fastest-ever marathoners were racing at their best at the same time.

Yet Salazar and de Castella had followed a serpentine road to Rotterdam. Both are represented in race dealings by the same agency, IMG, which you'd think would help them get together. But when IMG plotted a match race in Brisbane, the Australian Amateur Athletic

When de Castella broke from the pack, only Lopes (left) could keep up with his pace.



continued

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Association and the International Amateur Athletic Federation quickly moved to squelch it, seeing the role of the agency as a fundamental threat to their control of the sport.

How can this be simply explained? First by noting the eternal weakness of runners, their passion for that ultimate competition, the Olympics. As with all surpassing loves, it has made them vulnerable. Amateur officials always have been able to say to runners, "Do as we wish, or we'll disqualify you from the Games." Runners always have been forced to hang there, between choosing the Olympics and progress.

Until lately. Recent relaxation of the rules on accepting money for performances, brought about by the amazing increase in mass road racing and a concomitant flood of corporate sponsorship, has given promoters and agents the opportunity to round up the best athletes and create profitable races for them that might eventually equal the Olympics in appeal. In any case, such races will not be the traditional national championships and international dual meets that the established authorities want the best athletes to run.

So, instead of saying you can't go to the Olympics if you take money for running, the IAAF has begun saying you can't go to the Olympics if you use an agent to get the money. Thus, IMG's



Graham (8), the rabbit, set a record pace, but after a while no one would stay with him.

planned Brisbane race was denied official sanction. Enter Rotterdam. Its energetic pursuer of athletes, Michel Lukken, had been inviting and reinviting Salazar and de Castella since last summer. It's an established race, approved by the Dutch authorities, on a fast course. "I made four trips to the U.S.," said Lukken. "I told IMG, 'Your image is terrible. Athletes want to run, not wait and wait.'"

Then de Castella committed himself to run, and the rest was easy.

Lukken went to Salazar. "I told Alberto, 'You know if de Castella breaks your record here, you may not get a chance to attack it for two more years.' That got him."

If a nation is famed for its windmills, the implication is that there's usually wind. The week before the race was depressingly raw and filled with gales. Yet, miraculously, the race day arrived in calm and cool sun. Auspicious, too, were the preparations of the principals.

"Rob is at the top of his form," said de Castella's coach, Pat Clohessy. "And he's calm. He's without conflict. He's prepared to lose, too, if you can understand that in the right sense, how it can keep you balanced, let you make intelligent decisions."

Gomez, 32, had taken his loss to Salazar in New York hard. "The better man won," he said, although he felt he could have withstood Salazar's late-race surging had he specifically trained for it. So after running a personal-best 2:09:12 behind Seko in Tokyo, he had forsaken beer for the duration, left his wife in Mexico City and gone to prepare. "In seclusion, I need to express how seriously I am taking Rotterdam." The seclusion he picked was serious to the point of fanaticism. He trained outside of La Paz, Bolivia, at altitudes up to 13,200 feet. "Now I'm ready," he said when he reached Rotterdam.

continued



The experienced de Castella hit the tape seconds before first-time finisher Lopes.



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dam, which is 12 feet above sea level. Indeed, at one point the course dipped to 20 feet below sea level. "If I don't do it this time, I don't know if I possibly can."

Salazar had strained a groin muscle in the cross-country championships, but in Holland he enjoyed the services of a ferocious Finnish masseur, Ilpo Nikkila. Soon the leg bothered him not at all. "I've never seen him so relaxed the day before a marathon," said New York City Marathon Director Fred Lebow.

And so they had begun, beside the Town Hall of Rotterdam, running on Coolvangel Street to the dike along the river Maas (which is what the Dutch call the last few miles of the Rhine that make Rotterdam the world's largest port) and turning north for three laps around the immense Kralingse Bos wood and lake. Daffodils lined the road. The crowds were excited and pushy, and that other Dutch staple, bicyclists, was always present. One man pedaled so menacingly near the runners that a Dutch Amateur Athletic Federation official, Wim Verhoorn, leaped from a car and shoved him into a canal.

The leaders ran on, and watched each other, and waited. At the halfway mark they were 18 seconds slower than world-record pace. Eight kilometers later they were a full minute off. "It felt slow to me," de Castella said later. "The plan was to wait until the last three or four miles. Then I wasn't going to surge, but run steadily faster to the end." De Castella, 26, a lab technician at Australia's Institute of Sport in Canberra, is 5'11" and carries most of his 155 pounds in his legs. He ran straight up, heavy on his heels, and often with his jaw cocked to one side, skewing his mustache.

Salazar's stride was changeless, his face controlled. At one point, after drinking from a plastic squeeze bottle, he offered it to Gomez, but Gomez already had one. Salazar looked through the whole pack, but no one needed water, so he let it drop. By these details it was clear that no one was in difficulty, though Armand Parmentier of Belgium seemed always on the verge of falling back. The sweetest mover was the 36-year-old Lopes, lighter and smoother than when he battled Lasse Viren in the Montreal Olympic 10,000. Gomez, on the other hand, seemed to lunge and bound, as if he were still running his Andean trails. In fact, he was making allowance for a large blood blister on his foot.

With a little more than five kilometers to go, de Castella made his move. Salazar had taken them through the last 5,000 in 15:48. De Castella would do the next in 14:47. Only Lopes could stay with him for long.

"I felt fine until he did that," said Salazar. "I held on for a half mile, but I knew I had to let him go. After he got away, all I could do was try to at least keep close, in case he slowed."

That was the one thing de Castella knew he could not do. "I expected them all to come right with me," he said. "I was surprised that only Carlos did. But I didn't know how far back the others were once they were hidden behind the press and TV trucks." Then he dismissed them. He had enough to deal with in Lopes.

With two miles to go, they ran on a cobblestone lane between a dike and gingerbread Dutch houses. De Castella quickened the pace a notch more on an uphill. Lopes went with him, and then drew abreast and took a look into de Castella's face. Side by side they raced. With 1,000 meters to go, de Castella was thrashing low with his arms, his head twisting with the effort. Lopes was feather-footed and efficient. His best 10,000 is almost 48 seconds faster than de Castella's (27:24.39 to 28:12.20). De Castella knew this full well.

"But I hadn't given up," he would say. "I knew I had strength. I knew he had little experience in marathons. [Lopes dropped out in New York last year at 20 miles in his only other try at the distance.] I hoped that the fatigue had built up in his legs more than in mine, that he couldn't go with me one last time."

De Castella was right, just barely. When he lifted into a full sprint with 300 meters to go, he opened a gap and hit the finish two seconds ahead, in 2:08:37. His remarkable charge had brought the time back down into near-record territory. Lopes was not disconsolate. "There was nothing different I could do," he said. "But it was enough, what I did do, for my first whole marathon."

Gomez was third in 2:09:25. "This is

my last until the Olympics," he said, seeming bent on even more extreme self-hardening. Parmentier came on to pass the struggling Salazar for fourth, 2:09:57 to 2:10:08. It was Salazar's first marathon slower than 2:10, an indicator of his remarkable standard over the last 2½ years. His first words, to Lebow, were, "What was his time?" Then, even knowing his record was temporarily safe, he allowed



Salazar finished a distant fifth—and felt humiliated.

himself a few minutes of foul temper, but recovered quickly. "When they got ahead, I just couldn't stay close," he said softly, abashed. "I know now I wasn't properly prepared mentally for this race. I started to believe a few of the things that have been written about me, like being unbeatible. I wasn't as hungry as I should have been. Now I feel humiliated in fifth, but I suddenly feel very hungry. And that's probably the best thing for the Olympics."

"Now do I feel that I am indisputably No. 1 in the world?" said de Castella. "Yes, I do." He looked it, being ushered into a maroon Rolls-Royce for the ride back to his hotel. Settled inside, he reflected once more on that last 1,000 meters of stretch run; how he had kept to his work so faithfully while knowing the other man was judged to be faster. "Reputations don't win races," he said. "Not even mine from now on."

END

Ever had the feeling you've just witnessed two franchises passing each other in midjourney—one ascending, fresh, eager, excited; the other on the descent, benumbed, exhausted, aching—like skiers on a chair lift at the end of a

utrive nights. "I've had some weird dreams," said the 27-year-old Sauve (pronounced SOH-vay), who'd had only one shutout in 54 games this season, "but I've never dreamed this."

Said Canadian Coach Bob Berry. "We

by E.M. Swift

The blankety-blank Sabres

Montreal swore by its offense until Buffalo got two shutouts in the playoffs



With the aid of the likes of Hapi (24), Sauve gave up only two goals in the Sabre sweep.

long day? So it was last week as Scotty Bowman's young Buffalo Sabres humiliated the once-mighty Montreal Canadiens by winning their opening-round confrontation in the NHL playoffs in three straight games.

The Sabres' clinching 4-2 win came on Saturday night in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium, but the true ramp-thumpings took place Wednesday and Thursday in the Montreal Forum, where an unlikely hero named Bob Sauve shut out the ostensibly prepotent Canadiens, the league's second-highest-scoring team in the regular season, 1-0 and 3-0. It was preposterous! A Montreal club that had averaged 4.38 goals per game got whitewashed in its hallowed Forum on consecu-

tive nights. "I've had some weird dreams," said the 27-year-old Sauve (pronounced SOH-vay), who'd had only one shutout in 54 games this season, "but I've never dreamed this."

The last man to shut out Montreal in two straight postseason games was Glenn Hall of the Chicago Black Hawks. He did it in 1961. The only other goaltender to pull off the feat was Terry Sawchuk of the Detroit Red Wings, in 1952. But before Sauve, no one had ever blanked the Canadiens in consecutive games in Montreal. Indeed, the Canadiens hadn't been held scoreless in one game at home since Gilles Meloche of the Minnesota North Stars beat them 3-0 in April 1980.

For Sauve and the Sabres to whitewash Montreal twice was made more miraculous by the fact that the teams had split their season's series 3-3-2, the Canadiens averaging nearly four goals a game. Montreal had finished the regular schedule with 98 points to Buffalo's 89. Further, the Sabres had ended the season shakily, going 4-7-1 in their last 12 games as Sauve's goals-against average in his final 10 starts soared to 4.25. And two of Buffalo's key defensemen, Phil Housley and Hannu Virta, were 19 and 20 years old, respectively. Conventional wisdom said forwards as fast as Montreal's would forecheck that kind of inexperience to death.

Although he refused to gloat, defending Montreal was a delicious bit of revenge for Bowman. Four years ago Bowman, who had coached the Canadiens to five Stanley Cups in seven seasons, was in line for the Montreal general manager's job. However, he was snubbed in favor of Irving Grundman, whose background was in bowling alleys. Miffed, Bowman left to become general manager and coach of the Sabres.

The Canadiens have fared poorly since Bowman's departure. This is the third straight year they have lost in the opening round of the playoffs, and just about everyone in Montreal is predicting that Grundman's and Berry's heads will soon be served on a platter. Their successors will find a decimated farm system and a depleted depth chart. Both shortcomings are the result of poor drafting by Grundman and ill-advised deals he made before and during this season. The Canadiens will be in trouble for years.

That wasn't crystal clear, however, until last week. Bowman wanted to avoid a shootout at all costs, so his plan was to slow the tempo as much as possible and to check, check, check. He juggled his lines to keep Craig Ramsay, Buffalo's checker par excellence, opposite Guy Lafleur. In the first period of Game 1, Bowman used nine different line combinations. He did much of his maneuvering before face-offs. When they occurred in the Sabres' defensive zone, Bowman always had two centers on the ice—in case one was

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thrown out of the circle—including his face-off specialist, Brent Peterson. The period seemed to last forever. Sabre defensemen were falling on the puck along the boards, flipping it out of the rink, anything to disrupt the flow of play.

The plodding pace worked to Buffalo's advantage. Because of their dismal play-off performances in recent years, the Canadiens thought it essential that they start quickly, especially at home, where, shockingly, they have now lost eight of their last 11 postseason games. Montreal's forechecking was unable to get rolling, giving the Sabres' young defensemen an opportunity to get over their playoff jitters. When the Canadiens did break through—they outshot Buffalo 20-10 in

The second of them was set up by former U.S. Olympian Mike Ramsey as he slid into Wamsley following a dramatic end-to-end rush. Rookie Mal Davis scooped in the rebound to close the scoring for the night. But Ramsey was most valuable when he was back on defense, blocking shots, killing penalties—the Canadiens were 0 for 16 on the power play in the first two games—and jarring Montreal forwards with body checks. Said Bowman, who's not given to handing out accolades, "Ramsey doesn't get the credit he deserves, but he's a great player. You don't win gold medals and beat the Russians by being mediocre."

When the game ended, only 5,000 fans—most of them jeering—were left in

puck blocked by Defenseman Bill Hajt's leg, and Pierre Mondou rapped a shot off the post. The Canadiens' scoreless streak finally ended after 147 minutes, but they needed Buffalo to put the puck in the net for them. At 7:25 of the second period Montreal's Mats Naslund tried to center a pass during a power play, and Hajt, attempting to intercept, deflected it between Sauve's legs. The lead was short-lived: John Van Boxmeer and Lindy Ruff scored to put the Sabres ahead 2-1 with one period remaining.

Fittingly, the Canadiens' last gasp came from two of the stars who had helped Bowman win those five Stanley Cups. With 11:39 to play, Lafleur, who had sneaked onto the ice while Craig



Buffalo's victory meant Lafleur (10), Robinson (19), Bob Garney (23) and mates wouldn't reach the second round for the third year in a row.

the first two periods—Sauve was there to thwart them. Then early in the third period Peterson stuffed a rebound past Montreal Goalie Rick Wamsley for the game's only goal. Over the last 13 minutes, the Canadiens, increasingly frustrated by the Sabres' disciplined checking, got only one shot on goal.

Montreal's offense in Game 1 was positively awesome compared with what it mustered the next night. Buffalo took a 1-0 lead when Dale McCourt scored at 1:47 of the first period off a beautiful feed from Gil Perreault. The boos started about four minutes later. Montreal didn't get off its first shot on goal until 16:55 of the period. Buffalo put the game out of reach by scoring two goals within 37 seconds in the second period.

the Forum. Larry Robinson, the best Montreal player in the series, was one of the few Canadiens willing to talk about the consecutive shutouts. "Sauve did his job, but I could have stopped the shots we had on him," he said. "We were outmanned everywhere we went. It's tough to put the puck on a teammate's stick when your nose is pushed up against the glass." Added a morose Berry, "I've never seen a team check that well."

Sauve and his teammates were greeted by an ear-splitting ovation as they skated onto their home ice on Saturday. Montreal should have known this wasn't going to be its night when the microphone went on the fritz during the singing of *O Canada!* In the first period Lafleur beat Sauve from point-blank range, only to have the

Ramsay was on the bench, set up Steve Shutt to tie the game at 2-2. But with four minutes left, Buffalo's Tony McKegney scored the game-winner by roofing a rebound over the spritwired Wamsley. The crowd by now was chanting "Soh-vay! Soh-vay! Soh-vay!" in appreciation of a remarkable series.

When Mike Ramsey found an open net with 25 seconds remaining to clinch the win, he relived a scene that many remember well. Ramsey rolled on the ice in the arms of a teammate, pumping a fist in the air, just as he had done after the U.S. Olympians had beaten the Soviets at Lake Placid. The Canadiens glumly looked on. What they were seeing was a team of the future. What they were remembering was a team of the past. **END**

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by Craig Neff

Standing tall in the Shorts

The surprise star of the U.S. Short Course meet was 6' 1" Tammy Thomas

University of Kansas senior Tammy Thomas arrived on the swimming scene last month without warning, as powerful and sudden as a Corn Belt twister. She swept into the Women's NCAA Championships in Lincoln, Neb., a complete unknown and promptly blew away American records in three of her four freestyle sprints. Then last week, at the Phillips 66/U.S. Swimming Short Course Championships in Indianapolis, Thomas, who's a muscular 6' 1" and 160 pounds, had already won the 100-yard free when she stepped to the blocks for her heat of the 50. She proceeded to churn out the fastest time at that distance ever swum by a woman in a 25-yard pool, a 22.13 clocking that lowered her own U.S. record by .04 (world records for short-course pools are not kept). "I have a lot of size," she said afterward, smiling. "I guess when I get all that going, it's pretty hard to stop."

Thomas has the explosive starts and turns typical of great sprinters, but otherwise she's an anomaly. Swimmers of her caliber don't suddenly appear at age 21. They rise young, like California high schoolers Tiffany Cohen, 16, and Jeff Kostoff, 17, who together won seven events at Indy and established three of the meet's seven American records. Swimmers often fade young, too, like Cynthia (Sippy) Woodhead, who set her first world freestyle record at 14 and now, at 19, is struggling to return to world-class level. Even Tracy Caulkins, swimming's Grand Old Lady, whose three national titles last week raised her career total to 45, is just 20 years old.

When Thomas was Caulkins' age she hadn't yet placed in a U.S. national meet; when she was 14 she'd hardly taken up the sport. An Army brat, she grew up in a medley relay of cities—about 15 in all—from Fort Knox, Ky., where she was born, to Bangkok, Thailand, where she joined her first swim team, to Fort Sill, Okla., where she went to high school. "We moved every nine months," says Thomas, whose father, Robert, is now a retired lieutenant colonel.

As a result, Thomas' training was constantly interrupted, and before this year

she'd never swum faster than 23.22 in the 50-yard free or 50.20 in the 100. Then, at the NCAAs, she easily defeated American record holder Jill Sterkel of Texas in both events, cutting the 100 record from 48.61 to 48.40 and the 50 mark from 22.41 to 22.28 and then to 22.17.

Thomas can't explain her improvement. What she apparently lacked until recently were strong legs—squats, running and bicycling built them up—and confidence. She bolstered the latter by working with Dr. Andrew Jacobs, stress psychologist for the U.S. Olympic cycling team. "We did a lot of work on imagery," said Thomas, "on focusing in on what I was doing and closing out what was around me. Now I focus on a time."

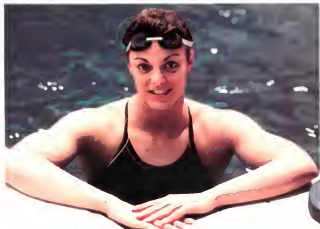
Thomas had a sub-22.13 in mind for Friday night's finals of the 50, but had to settle for a 22.20 to win her second national title. "My start was flat and I didn't drive my legs into the wall," she said.

Still, including relay legs, Thomas had a clocking better than Sterkel's old U.S. 50 record for the sixth straight time. No one else has done so even once.

Like Thomas, Texas sophomore Rick Carey has been busily setting U.S. records. In March he broke the American 100- and 200-yard backstroke marks twice each, trimming them by roughly two-thirds of a second, to 48.25 and 1:45.21, respectively. Last week he planned to lower them again.

But shaving records is easier for Carey, it seems, than shaving himself. When he uses shaving cream he breaks out in a rash—a dread curse for a swimmer. Besides, last Wednesday night he nearly forgot about his crucial pre-race streamlining shave. Two hours before the finals of the 200 back, he had to rush to a bathroom in the Indiana University Natatorium with a disposable razor and a fresh bar of Ivory soap.

continued



Thomas may be an ancient 21, but she swam like a teen, winning the 50 and 100 free.



Kostoff (above) won three events and set a U.S. record in the 1,000 free; Carey's 200 backstroke time of 1:44.43 surpassed his own American mark.



SWIMMING continued

Carey had to be as sharp as a blade to beat his archrival, 1980 Olympic 200-meter backstroke champion Sándor Wladar of Hungary. "I hold a little grudge toward him," said Carey, recalling Wladar's victory over him in the 200 at the 1982 short-course meet. Although Carey had more than avenged that defeat by beating Wladar for the gold medal in the 200-meter backstroke at last summer's World Championships in Guayaquil, Ecuador, he wasn't satisfied. Carey thought that Wladar had been cheating on his turns during the morning preliminaries at Indi-

anapolis—twisting the plane of his shoulders past vertical—and nothing upsets Carey more than a swimmer who either cheats or showboats. "If you're going to be in the race," he says, "it's 100 percent or nothing at all."

Wladar executed his turns properly in the 200 finals but ended up with nothing at all. Carey beat him on every lap and was three body-lengths ahead when he touched in 1:44.43, a U.S. record by .78. "Ricky can go 1:43 or even 1:42 before he's through," said John Collins, Carey's coach at the Badger Swim Club of Larchmont, N.Y. "He's that good."

Carey is the best backstroke to come along since John Naber, and potentially the best ever. He trains doggedly—he once swam a six-mile backstroke time trial in a workout—and is an intimidating competitor. Says one of his peers, "He's a cocky s.o.b. But he is tough."

Carey, who's frank and well-spoken, has matured dramatically since his tempestuous younger days, when he would turn irritable after a loss and handle reporters with the tact of a Bobby Knight. "Rick likes to be perfect," says Collins, who has coached Carey since he was 12. "It used to be that if things were a little bit off, he wouldn't tolerate it—in himself or other people."

By the time Carey won Saturday night's 100 back finals in 48.32—history's third-fastest clocking—North Carolina junior Sue Walsh had logged the

meet's penultimate U.S. record, reducing her own 100 backstroke mark by .07, to 54.74. And Cohen and Kostoff had virtually clinched the meet's high-point trophies. Cohen, from Mission Viejo, Calif. had already won four freestyle events, the 200, 500, 1,000 and 1,650, and cut Kim Linehan's American 1,650 record from 15:49.10 to 15:46.64. But winning the women's high-point award was just as impressive a triumph: At every U.S. national meet since 1976—long-course and short-course, 12 in all—Caulkins had earned that honor.

Kostoff, from Upland, Calif. and the Industry Hills club, nearly became the first male swimmer since Mark Spitz in 1972 to win four titles at the nationals. He finished first in the 400 IM and the 1,000 free, reducing his year-old U.S. mark in the latter event from 8:49.97 to 8:48.57. He later added a third championship in the 1,650 free. Only a narrow second-place finish in the 500 free, behind fellow high school senior Mike O'Brien of Mission Viejo, prevented Kostoff from going 4 for 4.

The 120-pound Cohen, who won her first national championship at 14, looks choppy in the water—her head jerks about like a fishing bobber—but is utterly tireless. She's a typical high schooler: unsophisticated and partial to her Sony Walkman and "scary movies." Kostoff, by contrast, has the poise and intellect of an adult. The nation's top college recruit this year—especially after he upset Vladimir Salnikov of the Soviet Union in a 400-meter free in February—he has chosen to take his 3.8 GPA to Stanford. At next year's NCAAAs he could bring the Cardinal a team championship. "He'll be 40 points for sure and maybe 45," says Texas Coach Eddie Reese. "He could win three events." To close Saturday's individual competition, Kostoff took .18 off Tony Corbisiero's U.S. 1,650 freestyle record with a time of 14:46.11.

As for Thomas, she ended the meet with a second place in the 100 butterfly—behind, ironically, 25-year-old Laurie Lehner, perhaps the oldest woman ever to win a national title. "Maybe it was an accident, but I came along at just the right time," says Thomas. "If it had been any earlier, I might not have been around to go for the Olympics."

Instead, she's America's brightest sprint freestyle hope, a swimmer from Fort Knox who, like Carey, Cohen and Kostoff, is thinking gold. **END**



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The staff as spring began. Bottom row, left: Barnes, Barnjas, Hrabosky and Pitching Coach Duncan. Row two: Bannister.

Arming For A New



Dotson, Slay and Beras. Row above: Mora, Kosman, Martz and Lamp. Row four: Hoyt, Hickey, Tidrow and Kern.

Season

Pitch or perish is a baseball law. In Part I of a series on the inner workings of one staff, the White Sox show their spring stuff by **FRANK DEFORD**

CONTINUED

ARMING FOR '83

continued

THE END OF FEBRUARY

It's only the pitchers now. Well, the pitchers and catchers. But the latter are only along because someone has to catch the pitchers, and that's the catchers. They don't really count, though. For example, have you ever heard anyone say in spring training that the catchers are ahead of the hitters? Of course not. No, the pitchers are brought down early because they're different from other athletes. They're arms. Other athletes are bodies. Pitchers are also the closest thing we have in any of our sports to being individuals in a team game. They're integral, and yet they're apart. In baseball now, people other than pitchers are referred to as "position players"—the implication being clear that pitcher isn't really a genuine position. Just an arm.

Pitchers themselves accept this, perhaps especially in the American League, where they don't bat anymore. "Even in college I still played position," Dick Tidrow says about another Dick Tidrow, who roamed the gardens long ago. Tidrow is now a reliever with the Chicago Americans, and this is where we are, in spring training with the White Sox, with the pitchers (and catchers).

But we could be most anywhere, with any staff. Observing the chemistry of the White Sox pitching staff through the season will be particularly interesting, however, because Chicago is an up-and-coming team that's counting heavily on a disparate group of pitchers. A staff is a team unto itself—a team within a team, if you will—with almost as many roles to be filled as the position players have positions. For starters: starters. Left-handers and righthanders. Relievers. Long, middle and short men. Ground-ball pitchers. *Keep it in the park.* It has even come down to this: Tidrow, for example, is "early short," as Chisox Manager Tony La Russa says, which means he is the penultimate reliever, whose specialty it is to stop things before the certified stopper comes in and slams the door. Firemen, submariners (rare), junk men, throwers, spot starters and (best of all) live arms. Eventually, cutting it finer all the time,

you get this type of thing:

Jim Kern (veteran righthander, late relief): Wouldn't you say Jon Matlack is a left-hander who really thinks righthanded?

Jerry Koosman (aging left-hander, spot starter): No, no, you got it all wrong. Matlack is a left-hander who thinks he thinks righthanded.

Kern: Which is his trouble.

Koosman: Of course.

And here it is February, and there are 15 pitchers, more or less, competing for the 10 openings on the staff. This is the way it was at the beginning of the White Sox training camp in Sarasota, Fla.

REGULAR ROTATION
Righthanders: LaMarr Hoyt, Richard Dotson
Left-handers: Floyd Bannister, Britt Burns



With his 19 wins in '82, Hoyt was sure to be in *The Rotation*.

STRICTLY BULLPEN

Righthanders: Tidrow, Kern, Salome Bnojas

Southpaws: Kevin Hickey, Al Hrabosky

SPOT START & RELIEVE

Positiders: Koosman, Richard Barnes.



No matter how free agent millionaire Bannister did to camp, the Sox wouldn't sit him down.

Righthanders: Dennis Lamp, Randy Martz, Steve Mura
PROTECTED PHENOM
 Righthander: Jim Siewy

Before they go back north six weeks from now, some of them must be gone. The farms. Deal. Released. Disabled? And before the season is long under way, some will be surprises and some will fail. Maybe even someone will be back, recalled from the bushes. Arms will hurt. Roles will change. Starters will falter and be exiled to the bullpen, banished from The Rotation. The doubleheaders will pile up. Someone will lose his curve. Someone else won't be able to find the plate.

These things will all happen in one way or another, and come September when the Magic Numbers start to appear in newspapers, if the staff has done its job, Chicago will be in the race, because, as you know, pitching is 75% of the game of baseball.

The staff had to be split up. Besides all the pitchers with a chance to make the big club, there were lots of prize minor-leaguers on hand, too. Some of them were throwing on the sidelines while the coaches checked their motion. Pitchers are about the only athletes who have a motion. Other athletes have tools and moves, things like that. Pitchers have a motion.

Other pitchers were selected to throw batting practice to the catchers. It's important to let catchers hit every now and then when they're down with the pitchers. It deludes them into thinking it's pitchers and catchers. Finally, there were other groups working on fundamentals. Covering first base. Fielding hard smashes. "All right, I'm going to give you a little backhand action," Pitching Coach Dave Duncan said, brandishing his fungo bat. Duncan was a catcher when he played. He slammed grounders that made the pitchers reach the other way. The Oldtimers watched closely.

When the pitchers had finished all their assignments for the day, they ran. Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, pitchers gotta run. Or, anyway, lope. The Oldtimers watched. There were several of them, former pitchers and position players alike.

"In my day," said The Hall of Famer, "we ran Pitchers ran. Not jogged."

"But it's more scientific now," said The Cy Young Winner. "They used to tell us, throw 30 minutes. Now, they say, throw 42 pitches, so many breaking balls, so many..."

"Yeah, but now a guy can make the majors even if he can just throw hard," said The Famer. "When I was pitching, a catcher didn't have enough fingers. He had to take off his glove to call all the pitches."

"Now they'll bring in a guy with the good heat just to face one 'hitter," The

Slugger said. "One hitter, maybe two."

"We had four-man rotations then, too," The Stopper said. "Hell, sometimes we'd go north with only eight pitchers—for April, anyway, because we had so many open dates."

"It's all five-man now," said The Singles Hitter. "Even the Orioles are going with five now."



Duncan still squats like the catcher he was.

"Well, in this league, with the DH, the pitchers stay in longer, so the five-man rotation makes more sense," said The Stopper.

"Yeah, but when we were playing, the pitcher stayed in just as long, and we did it with three days' rest," said The Cy Young. "We were geared for that. Geared."

"Sure," said The Famer. "A reliever worked hard, not because he wanted to be a better reliever, but because if he

continued



ARMING FOR '83

continued

showed good, he might get to be the fifth starter when the doubleheaders piled up. Why, in those days, managers didn't even want starters to hang around together. You get two starters goin' out after one of 'em had a bad game, you got half your rotation drunk."

"The best starting pitcher is the one who can forget after a defeat, put it aside till the next start," said The Stopper.

"You know, I got one question for you," The Singles Hitter said.

"All right," said The Stopper.

"How come you threw that damn spitter?"

The others roared, partly in shock. The Stopper only looked away, smugly. "He won't tell you," The Slugger hollered. "He won't. Even after all these years."

The Singles Hitter shook his head in disgust. "I mean, I didn't mind some bum throwing it, some guy who didn't have anything else left. But you..."

"He won't admit it," The Slugger said. "You know how pitchers are."

"Yeah. Sonsabitches. It wasn't fair. All right, throw a wet one at some slugger. But me. I'd hit a home run once a year, and then the pitcher would come stepping down off the mound, screaming



Dodson was driven during his 8-5 second half in '82.

at me like I didn't have the right. Sonsabitches."

The Stopper looked down at The Singles Hitter and laughed. "You never hit one off me," he announced for the benefit of the assembled.

"Pitchers just aren't as mean nowadays," said The Slugger.

"Oh, I wouldn't say we were mean," said The Famer. "Just more determined." He kept a straight face, too.

"More determined!" said The Singles Hitter. "More determined? Thirty years later, you still won't give anything away. You mean sonsabitch."

"Well, this is a mean staff here," The Slugger said. "There's a lot of guys here will surprise you that way." He turned to watch some young talent throw. Hum it. Come to the mitt. He checked out the motion. "You see, a good pitcher has got to make the plate bigger. For himself.

It's only 17 inches across, and that's not enough. Now, a good pitcher works to a 25-inch plate. And the only way to make it bigger is inside.

Outside, the hitters are going to come back up the middle at you. Trouble with most pitchers, though, they're human, and when they come inside, they aim. They're afraid to throw it like they do when they fire outside. And so when they miss inside, it goes right down the middle with something off it, and..." His head turned away, following an imaginary home run. "No, you got to throw inside. Then you get your 25 inches."

The Cy Young turned back from watching a prospect break off sliders. All the old pitchers were nodding and grinning, remembering. Memory is more fun for pitchers, inasmuch as there are more good things for them to recall: Pitchers, after all, put even the best hitters away two-thirds of the time. The pitcher always has the ball in his

hand and the odds on his side.

"It all comes down to this," The Slugger said. He grasped an imaginary bit in his hands, opening and closing them around the imaginary handle the way real hitters always do whenever they hold an imaginary bat. When normal people who never played for keeps hold an imaginary bat, they just hold it. And then The Slugger took his stance, and without a word he took his front foot, his left one, and conspicuously stepped away with it. He backed off. "That's what pitchers always have," he said. "One time I was going bad, but I didn't know why—I wouldn't admit why—and before a game in Detroit I saw Kaline point to me like he wanted to talk. Of course I nodded, and he came over to me, over by the cage, and when he got to me, he just said, 'Can I tell you one thing?' I said, 'Sure.' Al Kaline wants to tell me something, sure, but he never stopped walking. He just said, 'Don't forget. We're all scared up there. All hitters are scared.' And he kept right on going."

The Singles Hitter turned to The Stopper again. "All right then, at least tell me this: Where did you keep the stuff?" But The Stopper only smirked and strode off to watch Dodson's motion.

"Hahaha," shrieked The Slugger. "I told you."



Burns says "every penny" sore injuring his shoulder last August.

"Sonsabitches," said The Singles Hater. He meant pitchers.

La Russa was an infliender. So was Earl Weaver. It was one of Weaver's pitchers who said to him, "Earl, the only thing you know about pitching is you couldn't hit it." What can any position player really understand about pitching? "Well," says Kosman, giving a little, "infielders are a little like relievers. You know, hyper." This neatly takes care of La Russa and relievers all at once. Kosman, 39, senior to both his manager and his pitching coach, is considered too old for The Rotation, and knows he's penciled in as the left-handed fifth starter—sixth starter, really—and long relief.

The only thing is, Kosman was assigned pretty much the same role last season, but when The Rotation began to fall apart they dropped one of the kids, Dotson, to the bullpen, and replaced him with Kosman. The old man went 9-4, 3.41 the rest of the way.

Not only that, but in his spare time Kosman was instrumental in getting Dotson back on track. "Kooz made me think every pitch," Dotson says. When Dotson got back in The Rotation, he traded a 3-10, 4.94 first half for an 8-5, 2.93 second.

So now La Russa has Dotson and Hoyt, who led the league in '82 with 19 wins, as righthanded starters, and Burns and Bannister as lefties. All four are live arms. Where does this leave Kosman? "Kooz deserves to start," La Russa says, "but..." Kosman knows this, too, which is why he sent La Russa a Christmas card with more than "Season's Greetings" on it. The message said, "Now, you've got to watch me more closely this year."

"I should have released you when I first got the nelson," was the response from La Russa.

"What kind of respect is that from a younger man whose job I'm desperately trying to save?" Kosman asked.

But he's only one piece in the puzzle. Of the 15 hurlers in search of a role, possibly only the rosy-cheeked Dotson comes in completely free of baggage. Everybody else is transplanted or disgruntled, coming off an injury or a bad second half. Dotson is lucky. His bad half was at the start last season; he has recovered from that and is brimming with confidence. "Failure isn't fun," he declares firmly.

Pitchers always remain a little dubious about their peculiar talent. To be sure, some of them are all-around athletes. Hoyt, whose father was a minor league pitcher, talks of the first time he picked up a tennis racket: "It was like I'd used one all my life." As a kid, he thought football would be his professional game. Tidrow, the erstwhile position player, lettered in three sports. Martz—traded with Tidrow downtown from the Cubs—won a football scholarship as a quarterback at South Carolina. Hickey, extraordinarily agile as a fielder, was so good at so many games that he never settled on one and was still kicking around on a factory softball team when he was 20. If they hadn't changed his shifts so he had to drop off the softball team and find some other activity—hardball, it turned out—he'd still be punching a clock. But pitchers are rarely like other great athletes, whose skills are visible at an early age. The kids with power and size, legs and moves, stand out in first grade. Arms come later. Martz didn't really develop as a pitcher until he was in college, lifting weights. "I added two, three feet to my fastball then," he says.

It's hard to figure why some arms are able to throw baseballs effectively. If on a 7:30 p.m. TV game show (6:30 Central), they stuck the White Sox pitchers' arms out through some slots along with some arms at random from the general population, you couldn't guess which ones were the professional arms. In New York, Tidrow roomed with Ron Guidry, skin and bones, and while Tidrow can explain, physiologically, why a frail arm like Guidry's can propel a ball so fast, those reasons don't apply to anybody else with Guidry's frame. "What can you say?" Bannister ventures. "It's just a gift of God."

It can be mystical, having an arm; it's almost as if it isn't part of you, but more like something you own, such as Seven League Boots. "Let me tell you," Kosman says, "when I was growing up, no matter how hard I threw a baseball, I always felt I could throw it harder and farther." He paused and sucked on his pipe, for in keeping with his sage antiquity, he usually smokes a pipe now instead of cig-

arettes. "That's a tremendous feeling to have."

Yet the gift can depart as capriciously, it seems, as once it arrived. Burns was 22 last year, ready to win the 20 everyone said he should. He could bring it, cut it, change speeds with it, and despite being so young, he could always find the plate. But then, on Aug. 15, he strained the deltoid muscle in his pitching shoulder, and he was all but useless thereafter. For a



Koonstein's age (39), not his arm, worked against him.

while it was even feared that it might be a torn rotator cuff. Burns was finally able to try throwing in January, and now he claims at last to "feel normal." But with an arm that was once damaged, a pitcher is never sure. "I've decided to put every penny aside," says Britt Burns, 23.

His fatalism is particularly understandable because during the '81 season Burns' father was run down by a car, never to regain consciousness. Burns, an

continued

ARMING FOR '83

continued

only child, began to commute to the University of Alabama in Birmingham Medical Center between starts. A reliever, of course, couldn't have done that, but Burns's tragic summer shows how separate and independent starters really can be from the team. He would fly to Birmingham from wherever he pitched, see his father, console his mother and then fly back for his next start. Finally, Charley Burns died. "Still, I had to keep trying to be my mom's rock, and it was wearing

who are ambidextrous, who dream righthanded, is what they are.

Burns and Bannister, southpaws. The first few days in camp, every now and then, someone would refer to Bannister as Pink Floyd, which is the name of a British rock group, but Bannister just isn't the sort of fellow to attract nicknames. Come September, dollars to doughnuts, the position players won't be saying, "Give the ball to Pink" and things like that.



Mora, who'd just become a case in the National League, was a man apart after being seen on the Sox.

me out," Burns says. "Sometimes, after I lost my father, I'd say, 'Lord, I need somebody. Please introduce me to that girl I'm going to spend the rest of my life with.'" He met Julie Humphrey at an exercise center, and they were married this past Oct. 30, when he still couldn't be sure he could pitch anymore. "The injury made me appreciate for the first time what I had—that I was blessed with this talent to pitch in the big leagues. I just figure I must be here because I'm supposed to be here."

It's odd, but both lefties in The Rotation, Burns and Bannister, do most other things righthanded; they are righthanders

Unlike Burns, though, Bannister has no arm worries. With Seattle last season, he led the league in strikeouts and the league's lefthanders in ERA. But in all his major league seasons he has never been with a winning team, and he has never had a winning season himself, and the cynics question how Bannister could have merited almost a million dollars a year from the White Sox as a free agent when no one knows if he can pitch when it counts.

Lamp, a righthander who was 11-8 with the Sox last year, starting and relieving, went to arbitration asking for \$750,000, largely on the basis of what

Bannister got. Lamp is a clubhouse mimic. He apes other pitchers' motions. He's the world's best motion mimic; also, the world's only motion mimic. Lamp is not lacking in confidence. Around his neck he wears a chain bearing the number 15. His wife gave it to him—not for anything to do with baseball, but because, on a scale of one to 10, Lamp is a ... Get it? But he not only lost in arbitration—he had to settle for the Sox' offer of \$312,500—he's also invariably the centerpiece of rumors concerning what pitchers Roland Hemond, The Wily GIM, must move. The first day in camp, La Russa met with Lamp for two hours. Closed.

Or maybe, the wise guys say, Hemond should trade Hoyt, deal him right out of The Rotation, top value, off his 19 wins. Hoyt had never been glamorous. He was a fifth-round draft choice, spent seven years in the bushes, came to the Sox as a throw-in, finally made the club as a reliever. Hoyt even has fat hands, which aren't common in pitchers. But he throws hard, with a natural slider, and his stuff sinks, which is important in the American League, where most of the games are played on real earth and grass.

The final addition to the White Sox pitching sweepstakes was Steve Ratter, who was acquired on Feb. 25 from the Mets' farm system. Ratter was the International League Relief Pitcher of the Year last season, but the Mets didn't fancy Ratter any more than did his previous employer, Montreal, because his pitches sink too, and in many National League parks, sinkerball pitchers see their best double-play balls bounce off the infield tile into the power alleys.

Hoyt is a survivor. He came north last spring advertised as The Stopper, but on Opening Day La Russa slams the door with a kid up from Mexico named Salome Barojas, who was near midseason form from pitching winter ball south of the border. But Hoyt scuffled, picked up a win here, another one there; he got dropped into a start, won that; suddenly he was in The Rotation and 9-0 on the way to the 19-15. "Starting, you have a lot more opportunity to take care of your arm," Hoyt says. "But outside of that..." He paused. "What's those big crows? What's their name?"

"Uh, ravens?"

"No, you know. Big, ugly..."

"Vultures?"

continued

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The Sox don't want another surprise from Barajas, now their bullpen ace.

ARMING FOR '83

continued

"Yeah. Whatever you do in pitching, you've got to be a vulture. You've got to pick up anything that's around. You start, go your five. Got to go your five. You relieve, come in tied, get a win. Come in ahead a little, stay ahead, get the save. Come in way ahead, keep it that way."

If Hoyt were traded—for a shortstop, maybe even The Third Baseman from Texas about whom there had been a lot of talk (page 66)—then Lamp could move into The Rotation. Or if not Lamp, then one of the new acquisitions from The Other League: Martz or Mura. Martz features a forkball; Mura has what La Russa calls a "yakker." "A Blyleven curve," says no less than Charlie Hustle himself. Or maybe you move up Kosman, put three lefties in The Rotation. And then maybe that opens up a spot for another left-hander, Barnes.

Chicago has to decide about Barnes. He's out of options. But the trouble is, when he was up with the Sox last year, he was barely used, much less showcased. He finally went to one of the beat writers and said, "Hey, would you put it in the paper that Barnes is still with the team?" And that was what went in the Sun-Times, that Richard Barnes wanted everybody to know he was still with the team. Luckily, Barnes is a southpaw. There's always a place for a southpaw, especially in the National League, where,

mysteriously, they have all but become extinct.

"I don't want to get into left-handers," Hoyt exclaims. "All I know is, they make more money. That's all I know."

Kosman has a different viewpoint. As someone who has been an unregenerate part-timer for 39 years, he views himself as something of a public service. "If we were all right-handers, there wouldn't be any hitting stars," he explains. "Our bulls break into the most of the good hitters' bats. You see?"

Everybody in The Rotation is pretty much equal. Each takes his turn. Spot starters are also getting different—all the more so in the spring. Because of all the early off days and the rain-outs, the season may be weeks old before anybody knows who the extra starters are. In the Grapefruit League the spot starters haven't the luxury of working at their own pace. If they don't impress right away, they'll be pitching in the minors in April instead of not pitching in Chicago then.

"The way you structure spring training for pitchers is look at your schedule in April and then work backwards from that," says La Russa. Of course, there can always be surprises. Nobody had even heard of Barojas last year. Maybe a prospect like Siwy, a big righthander from Rhode Island, could break in this year. "But you can't get carried away down here," La Russa says. "When I first got this job, an old wizard in the game, someone I pay a lot of attention to, told me not ever to pay a lot of attention this time of year."

"Even to wizards?"

"No, pay attention to wizards. But be careful not to take too seriously what you see yourself."

Still, the most difficult task any manager has is handling his bullpen. "Hardest thing in baseball," Kosman says. "It's impossible to keep everyone happy in the bullpen, and no one is ever used the right amount of time. Somebody's always rusty, and somebody else is always tired."

Unlike the pitchers in The Rotation, who work with regularity, relievers have little pattern to their lives. Furthermore, they've got a clear pecking order. The glamour boys, of course, are the stoppers, the ones with saves. The Firemen. Way at the other end are the long relievers. Nowhere in America sleeps a little boy who wants, more than anything, to grow up to be a long reliever.

Middle relievers are, appropriately, sturdy middle-class. "Middle relief is like being a mouse going after the cheese," Kern explains. "Only, everytime you're about to get it for yourself, they open a trapdoor and you fall through—and not only that, another mouse is allowed to come in and get the cheese."

But the bullpen has some consolations. Precisely because relievers are quarantined way out there, they develop a certain foxhole camaraderie "whether you like each other or not," as Kern says. But conversely, relievers acknowledge feeling more a part of the team, since, like position players, they may be called upon any day. Barojas, a mound schizophrenic—he starts during the winter in Mexico, relieves during the summer in the States—says he couldn't stand starting all year.

Hustle Tidrow describes himself as a complimentary pitcher.



that he needs the daily intimacy that relieving provides.

Because the assignments are so varied in the bullpen but everybody's needed to make a game add up to nine innings, it's vital to a staff that pitchers accept their roles. Tidrow, for example, is especially valuable—"a stable influence," Duncan says—because he's reconciled to being the lounge act. "Sure, I'd love to be the star," Tidrow says. "Only, I could never throw the ball 95 miles an hour. But I have control, I keep the ball in the park. I'm blessed with a very pliable arm, and I can complement almost any staff."

"The thing any pitcher—probably relievers especially—has to believe is that if he gets bombed, it won't affect his particular job," Duncan says, "that the next time the same sort of situation arises, he'll be called on. Every pitcher has got to know that."

"The one thing a manager, a pitching coach, should never do is show that he's lost confidence in a relief pitcher," Lamp says. "That'll kill him. I'm serious. Better to live to a reliever."

The mark of a good starter is that he can buy time and adjust on those days when he doesn't have his usual stuff. Relievers rarely enjoy that luxury. Many of them depend utterly on one pitch. "Ninety-five percent of the time," Hickety says, "the catcher puts down the one, and I go right at him." They say Rolfie Fingers has lasted so long, playing all over, because he is a bullpen exception, a Fireman with a repertoire.

Hrabosky, then The Mad Hungarian with the great horseshoe mustache, was a few years ago the most famous reliever in the land. He would step off the rubber and go into a trance—"a Utopian state," as he described it—which helped him accumulate 90 saves in seven seasons with St. Louis and Kansas City. In fact, the Cardinals will be paying him a salary for another 10 years, which would sound impressive but for the fact that Atlanta will be paying him for 32 more years. "It was madness," he says.

But less than three years after they signed him to a \$2.2 million contract, the Braves last Aug. 30 dumped Hrabosky. And nobody picked him up. The madness was gone, and the mustache, and his left arm, too. This winter the Atlanta pitching coach, Rube Walker, watched him work out. "Al," he said, "you can't pitch anymore." But Hrabosky couldn't

continued

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ARMING FOR '83

continued

let go. He decided to master something new, a forkball. He made phone calls. Only The Wily GM agreed to take a look.

When starters lose their hard one, they pick up new pitches and become clever. Or—what the hell—they become relievers. On the other hand, have you ever heard about the relief pitcher who was going so bad they dropped him into The Rotation?

The indignity of it. "How many times have I tried to console some starting pitcher?" Kern asks. "Hey, what's the matter?" I say, putting my arm around him.

he was never obliged to rise and throw in the bullpen unless an Appearance was all but assured.

Now he sits before his locker, contemplating another day of trying to find the plate with a forkball. The big clubhouse swallows up the pitchers (and catchers), and there's little to be heard but the beldnage of Willie Thompson, the equipment man, charging various hurlers with several counts of sexual deficiency. Burns shakes his head as he rides the exercise bicycle. A couple of others sample the carrot sticks and then soup. Lamp, by request, does a Fergie Jenkins. Hickey,

away from real hard labor for so long that pitching's become hard." He sucks the bits into his pocket. "Boys," he calls out, "take my advice and save your money so you don't have to pitch as long as I have." Burns, we know, is already putting every penny aside.

Old Koonsman leaves. It's the last day before the clubhouse will be brimming, full of real position players, not just arms.

THE MIDDLE OF MARCH

Later it will be Starts and Ups, things like that. But now, halfway through the Grapefruit League schedule, it's more basic: Innings. There aren't enough to go around as the starters begin to stretch out, do longer stunts. As always, the guys in the middle with the most to prove—spot starters, long relievers—get the least chance. Koonsman is in top form. His ERA is down around three, he feels frisky, and he's making side bets that he'll win more games this season than his old Mets colleague, Tom Seaver, a mere lad of 38. Off his spring training form, Koonsman says he should be in The Rotation when the White Sox Go North. "And remember: Nobody pitched better than I did in the second half last year," he says. La Russa answers him this way: The next time Koonsman pitches, he gets two innings after Burns goes six.

But then, Burns looks terrific. His arm seems to have healed completely. Dotson and Hoyt are likewise having a banner spring. In The Rotation, only Bannister gets off poorly. He flies home to Arizona for a few days when his wife delivers him a second son. He comes back and gives up a lot of runs. But, not to worry. One time out he's concentrating on his curve, next time on release points. When you're safely in The Rotation, you can Round Into Form. Besides, what are the White Sox going to do? Pay a sub-500 pitcher almost a million a year and then start old Koonsman ahead of him?

Anyway, if Koonsman has a claim on a spot in The Rotation, what about Lamp? Of all the potential starting pitchers, after Dotson's, Lamp's Grapefruit League ERA is the lowest—and still, all he can count on for sure is a spot start in Detroit in the season's second series. Lamp owns the Tigers. Lamp is managing to perform well, too, despite the fact that every day when he picks up the paper, he's getting traded to another team. The Pale Horse still have all those hurlers. They have to

continued

After the Grapefruit League, the White Sox were set to start the season with these 11 pitchers.

"What's the matter?" he says. "One more bad start and I'm in the bullpen."

"Hey," I say, withdrawing my arm, "I'm in the bullpen every day."

Relievers also take some umbrage that, despite all the statistics used to tabulate every infinitesimal aspect of the game, one crucial measure of their work is totally overlooked. That would be the Up figure—the number of times a reliever is called on to throw in the bullpen on the chance he may be summoned. To relief pitchers, Ups may well be more important than Appearances. Hickey reputedly had 400 Ups last season. La Russa, Hoyt alleges, "has ants in his pants." Tidrow avers that he has been the King of Ups for fidgety managers all over. Only the stoppers, the savers, are treated with dignity, Upwise. When Hrabosky was the fabled Mad Hungarian and an All-Star,

with a broom, is playing hockey goalie, guarding the latrine door against the paper-cup shot by the clubhouse boys. Having escaped the factory, Hickey just plain hangs out around the park more than anyone else. Back home in Chicago he even lives near Comiskey Park. Yesterday after practice he stayed to wax his Cadillac (Illinois vanity license plate: INC MAN). As someone close to the team says, "Kevin is such a great throwback, he hasn't learned yet that bullplayers don't drive big Cadillacs anymore...not even home-run hitters." La Russa unabashedly says, "Kevin brings warmth to your heart."

Koonsman puts away his pipe and pauses to count his expense money. It is, he observes, more than he made in salary when he was starting out. "I grew up on a farm," he says. "Trouble is, I've been

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A DOSSIER ON THE 11 WHO MADE IT

FLOYD FRANKLIN BANNISTER

Age 27, Height 6.01, Weight 195.
Throws and bats left-handed.

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	G.	IP.	W.	L.	SO.	BB.	ERA.
1982	Seattle	American	35	247	12	13	209	77	3.43
	Major League Totals		170	1,021	51	68	770	381	3.90

SALOME BOROJAS

Age 25, Height 5.09, Weight 160.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	61	106%	6	6	56	46	3.54
	Major League Totals		61	106%	6	6	56	46	3.54

ROBERT BRITT BURNS

Age 23, Height 6.05, Weight 218.
Throws left and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	28	169%	13	5	116	67	4.04
	Major League Totals		94	577%	38	26	362	183	3.29

RICHARD ELLIOTT DOTSON

Age 24, Height 6.00, Weight 196.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	34	196%	11	15	109	73	3.84
	Major League Totals		96	559%	34	33	304	215	3.97

KEVIN JOHN HICKEY

Age 27, Height 6.01, Weight 170.
Throws and bats left-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	60	78	4	4	38	30	3.00
	Major League Totals		104	122	4	6	55	48	3.24

DEWEY LaMARR HOYT

Age 28, Height 6.01, Weight 222.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	39	239%	19	15	124	48	3.53
	Major League Totals		108	445%	37	21	239	117	3.78

JAMES LESTER KERN

Age 34, Height 6.05, Weight 205.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Cincinnati	National	50	76	3	5	43	48	2.84
	Chicago	American	13	28	2	1	23	12	5.14
	Major League Totals		380	736	51	54	625	403	3.01

JEROME MARTIN KOOSMAN

Age 39, Height 6.02, Weight 225.
Throws left and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	42	173%	11	7	88	38	3.84
	Major League Totals		520	3,346%	191	183	2,269	1,051	3.26

DENNIS PATRICK LAMP

Age 30, Height 6.03, Weight 210.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	American	44	189%	11	8	78	59	3.99
	Major League Totals		198	973%	46	55	403	294	3.85

STEPHEN ANDREW MURA

Age 28, Height 6.02, Weight 190.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	St. Louis	National	35	184%	12	11	84	80	4.05
	Major League Totals		138	573%	29	38	327	258	3.97

RICHARD WILLIAM TIDROW

Age 35, Height 6.04, Weight 213.
Throws and bats right-handed.

1982	Chicago	National	65	103%	8	3	62	29	3.39
	Major League Totals		559	1,639%	98	90	901	538	3.60

deal. And Lamp is the centerpiece of every rumor.

Lamp came back after running one morning. The Sox wear red spikes. Lamp was in blue sneakers. "Getting myself emotionally prepared," he explained. "More teams wear blue than red. Texas has a nice blue."

Martz reached into his locker and hauled out his old Cubs jacket. "Here's another blue," he said. "You never know." There were grimaces all around. The Cubbies: a fate worse than mop-up.

"Or the Mets." Lamp went on, singing his blues. "I hear we're going for Hubie Brooks. The leftovers for Brooks: Broiled Lamp, baked Mura. . ."

"Fred Martz?" Martz cried out.

"Yes, of course. Fred Martz is certainly a leftover, too," Lamp said.

And even Mura, sitting there, permitted himself a small smile at that. There have been precious few of those since last August, when Mura was sailing along, in love with his beautiful Seana, plus 12-11 with the Cards, seven big CGs. Then suddenly, without explanation, he was bumped out of the Rotation, never even got so much as an Up in the playoffs, and got only a couple in the Series. Over the winter Mura married Seana Madden, and he thought that the autumn nightmare was behind him. But out of the blue, just days before spring training opened, Mura woke up to discover that he was the last domino in a free-agent game, routed to Chicago as the compensation to be named later.

"It took me about three years to really get comfortable in the National League," Mura said forlornly soon after getting to the Sox camp. "Then they sent me over here. I really don't know anybody here, and I'm not the kind of person who makes friends easily." He shrugged. "At least I'm married now. Over there, I didn't have anyone to come home to."

It gets worse. Mura doesn't throw well. Of the first 12 homers the Chicago staff gives up, four of the bye-jas come off Mura. Bye-jas are what the Sox call circus clouts; they got the term from a Hispanic player bidding farewell to a four-bagger one day. Mura needs more innings to get his yakker sharp. They aren't available.

Actually, Mura has even poorer numbers in the first weeks; he has had a long bout with diarrhea and is weak. He nonchalantly it. "Nothing new," he says. "I've

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LITTLE, BROWN

ARMING FOR '83

continued

never had a position on a staff in the spring. Fifth starter, long relief."

Barnes isn't getting Innings either, but, as even Duncan says, he's pitching the best of his life, and he's confident and at ease for the first time with the big club. Besides, Barnes is out of options. Martz and Mura may have won in double figures in the majors last season, but both can be farmed. "Sometimes you have to do some things," The Wily GM admits grudgingly. Still, it is clear that no matter how many extra pitchers are on hand, Hemond won't be bulldozed into making a trade just for trade's sake.

La Russa says, "The thing I'm concerned about most is me making the right decisions. They'll get themselves in shape. But the problem is, if you only see a pitcher a couple innings at a time, you might not get to see him tested. Now Hoyt went seven today. He had five easy innings, but he also had the two tough ones. Those are the two that told me things." Hoyt is beginning to evolve as the opening-night pitcher in Texas.

Among the relievers, Hrabosky needed to show the most, prove he could do it with his improved forkball as his main pitch. Unfortunately for him, his very first time out he gets rocked, and first impressions count a lot with old arms. Hickey's arm gets sore, but it isn't related to an injury he had last September, so everyone relaxes and lets him just air it out on the sidelines. He's trying to develop a curve to go with No. 1. Nobody touches Barajas until a Redbird reaches him for a bye-jay on March 31. Tidrow, who'll be 36 in May, feels like 32 or 33 again and has his sidearm slants working weeks early; he's usually a slow starter. His beard is so full, so rich, that Martz, intimidated, shaves his off and goes with an off-speed mustache. Ritzler, the latecomer the Mets rejected, impresses and becomes The Steeper. Even he acknowledges that he will start the season in Denver, but people are starting to say Ritzler could "be back." When a team has BeBacks, that usually means it's a very strong club.

Kern has the most ailments. He loses nine pounds to the flu. When he finally feels well, he eats a whole chocolate cake and drinks a quart of milk, just like a teen-ager in the comic strips, and he also overdoes his first batting practice outing in 17 days and suffers a little tendinitis in his elbow. But he isn't worried. Two years ago Kern was seriously injured. He

built up his pitching arm so much that it pulled his backbone out of sync and messed up his left shoulder. "Only I could hurt my other arm pitching," he says. Kern is a righthander who injures lefthanders.

It is March 29 before Kern ever pitches in a game. By then the start of the season, April 4, is only six days away, and La Russa has The Rotation set in his mind: Hoyt, Bannister and Burns at Texas, then Dossan to get his first start in Detroit. Broiled Lamp will be spotted in there, too, if he's still in red shoes. The cuto-down has already begun.

THE END OF MARCH, BEGINNING OF APRIL

Hrabosky is first to go. He's released, but he's offered a chance to pitch his way back from Denver. "All he needs is to gain command of his pitches," La Russa says. "Stuffwise, he's major league." Someone has once again told Al Hrabosky he can pitch.

On March 28 Burns throws five more terrific Innings—three cheap singles, seven strikeouts. Two days later his shoulder comes down sore, and the next morning he's dispatched to see the team doctors back in Chicago. If something is wrong, old Koonsman will move up into The Rotation. Hrabosky gets a tryout with Houston. The interleague trading deadline passes, 8 p.m. E.S.T., April 1. The Wily GM can't find anybody to deal with in the American League, either. He outright Barnes to Denver. If the Chisox want Barnes back, he must pass through waivers. Sney is optioned to Denver. So is Martz. He started 24 big league games last year, went 11–10, and now he's back in the minors. Burns is placed on the 21-day disabled list, diagnosed as having a slight case of tendinitis that is in no way connected with his serious injury of '82. Mura is awarded the last spot on the staff. With Koonsman in The Rotation now, Hickey will be the only southpaw coming out of the bullpen. Hrabosky comes back from Houston and accepts the White Sox offer to go to Denver.

On Monday, April 4, at 7:39 C.S.T. in Arlington, Texas, Hoyt strides to the mound and throws the first pitch of the season for Chicago. It's a slider, low and away, for ball one.

Part II: The staff at midseason

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First Person

by TOM KELLY

THE AUTHOR'S FASCINATION FOR OAK TEACHES HIM A LESSON IN MORTALITY

Any man who has lived long enough to be able to read Shakespeare for pleasure and who is mature enough to be able to forecast the secondary effects of his actions has learned a fair amount indeed about relationships. He knows, for example, that it is perfectly possible to have a love affair with something other than a person.

He knows there can be affairs with animals, affairs with power, affairs with money. There can even be a case like my own. I have had a continuous affair with a battalion of artillery for more than 30 years. I held membership in the organization for 25 of those years, in a variety of positions on both sides of the salt, and the relationship was marked by an unflagging devotion on my part the whole time. The devotion remains, though now that I'm no longer a member, it's unrequited and somewhat diminished by distance. But it's still there, it still burns with a steady flame, and it will warm my soul at its coals until I go to the boneyard. In what may very well be a remarkable example of fickle irresponsibility, I have also, during those 30 years, been conducting a simultaneous affair with a tree (SI, Dec. 22-29, 1980).

Luckily, long-standing affairs with

trees or battalions, unlike those with ladies, are considered proper subjects for discussion among gentlemen—even in the most conventional of societies. The tree is a cherrybark oak and the affair is not restricted to a single specimen. It encompasses the entire species, and there are all sorts of things wrong with the emotion.

In the first place, for many years I have made a living from pine trees. I have been exposed, nearly all my life, to longleaf pine, the premier timber tree of the Southeastern United States. Longleaf produces lumber for shipbuilding and construction, among other things, and it is a fine producer of resin, from which turpentine and rosin are manufactured. Longleaf has far more value as a source of lumber than does the cherrybark oak, longleaf has an infinity of additional uses, and it stands older than 100 years, it is far more impressive. I suspect the abundance of the longleaf may be what causes my lack of affection for it. There may be too much longleaf. It could be like those chorus lines in Las Vegas. They so overpower a man with leg and bosom he finds himself unable to concentrate upon a single individual.

Cherrybark is the only one of the oaks with class, but that's no matter. It alone carries sufficient class for the entire genus. It occurs as a single specimen, or in groups of two or three, and the thing that immediately strikes you about it is the purity of its form. With the possible exception of yellow poplar, sometimes known as the tulip tree, most of our other

hardwoods have something wrong with them. They branch out too soon, for instance, or twist too quickly. Some of them lean out of plumb too much right from the stump. Some of them, like bitter pecan, for example, have no redeeming features. A cherrybark will stand there, a diamond in the middle of this other goat dung, and tower 30 feet above the surrounding crowns. It will have a bole that looks as if it had been drawn with a straight edge, and it will frequently go four logs to the first limb.

There's a term used in estimating tree volumes called "form class." Stated simply, it's the relationship between the diameter of a tree outside the bark at breast height and the diameter inside the bark at the top of the first 16-foot log. It is expressed as a percentage, and in things like old growth longleaf pine it can go as high as 82.

I haven't scaled enough oak to be much of an authority, but cherrybark must be at least that good. Logs are scaled at the little end and to the nearest inch of diameter, and I've seen second logs in cherrybark oak (the second 16-foot log above the stump) that scaled the same at both ends. Technically, these logs had no little end.

A cherrybark oak, standing on good soil, will make every other tree in the surrounding stand look ragged. You find yourself interrupting the normal conduct of business to look for one, and when you find one, you circle it, making private, nonsensical observations.

The cherrybark has caused me some grief from time to time, because it makes me lose my concentration—the type of concentration that's necessary in intellectual exercises. Back when I played golf regularly—and by regularly I mean three times a week, not counting weekends—I played better when I could immerse myself in the game. Walking from one shot to the next I contemplated the forthcoming stroke. When idle talk of the weather, the shape of the stock market or the shape of the woman wearing shorts on the adjoining fairway broke through my shell, it hurt my game.

Turkey hunting is precisely the same kind of intellectual exercise. You're going to do infinitely better, enjoy yourself more and get to pick a turkey from time to time if you conduct yourself and your business with single-minded concentration the whole time you are out there. Things can happen very quickly. Occa-

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sionally, things happen in bunches after an hour of complete boredom, and there's usually no intervening transitional period. If you're out turkey hunting, woolgathering along, and have let your attention wander, you're giving yourself a lot of marvelous opportunities to look foolish.

Like I did last season, when I let myself look foolish for the two-millionth time, I had poked along a logging road at daybreak, stopping to yelp through my yelper every 150 yards or so. A turkey answered with one of those very soft tree calls, and before I had a chance to make any tactical move, it pitched out of a tree 200 yards in front of me and sailed down into a hollow that ran south, across the road. There was a moderate amount of yelping down there on the ground, so I decided that the dove was gathering there and that I should press on to the next ridge, run south along the far side of the crest until I got around them and then come back over the crest and scatter them out of the bottom.

I got to the ridge, crossed the crest, trotted a brisk quarter of a mile along it and came back over the top. As I started down into the bottom, a turkey puffed sharply off to my left. I heard a scuffle in the leaves, threw up my gun and shot. At the sound a single turkey took off and flew northeast. I had just performed the spectacular feat of scattering one turkey.

Grateful that this piece of stupidity had been conducted in privacy, I spent the next hour and a half exploring two strange hollows for later and then wandered back to the scene of the crime. I went to what I judged was the halfway point along the single turkey's flight path, picked out a place and sat down. That was a mistake.

Fifty yards before I stopped, I passed up a splendid place to kill a turkey from. But just ahead, where I could see it and be tempted, was a cherrybark oak. So I went there instead and sat at the base of it so I could lean my back against it and look up along the trunk whenever I chose

and stuck a minimal blind with some convenient brush.

I was only going through the motions. I was in the woods, my gun was loaded, and I knew the approximate location of that single turkey I had flushed an hour and a half ago. But I wasn't really hunting. I was trifling with trees.

I put my yelper in my mouth again and yelped once, took it out and lay it on a leaf next to my left leg. Within 20 seconds there was a tremendous crash in the leaves directly behind my tree. It was so close, and so loud, it scared me. I've never heard a bear fall from a tree. I've heard a 30-pound coon fall, and once I killed a flying turkey that fell lengthwise through an 80-foot magnolia, but this noise was far louder.

Almost involuntarily I stuck my head out around the tree and looked back at the disturbance. The turkey, which had seen my head begin to come around and which was already in the act of wheeling around to fly, was 10 feet behind me.

He had flown directly to the yelp but I

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hadn't heard him. It was just windy enough to smother the sound of the breeze through his primaries as he came in to land.

I should have killed him with the first shot, ought to have done it with the second and used the third simply to show him whose side I was on. The last time I saw him, he was still gaining altitude through the trees, damaged only in his pride. I probably flatter myself when I say I may have hurt his feelings a little.

I could continue with similar confessions of minor crimes of careless inattention and their minor punishments, but it would make me like Kipling's Tomlinson. Nobody has any real interest in second-class sinners. There was, however, a minor sin that resulted in a major punishment and that one is worth reporting, for it was my trifling with cherrybark oak that handed me my first intimations of mortality.

I don't know how much experience you have had along such lines, but you ought to understand that the thing that

makes 20-year-old boys such superb soldiers is their absolute conviction that they are immortal.

If you could magically gather a battalion-sized unit of 20-year-olds, cause the Angel of Death to appear before the formation and state that by the next morning every man in the battalion but two would be dead, you would evoke a universal emotion. Every man in the ranks would be saddened. He would begin, hours before the fact, to mourn the loss of his friends.

Reconstruct the same scene. Only this time everyone in the battalion is more than 45 and the Angel says that by tomorrow one man present would be accidentally run over by a tank. Every man there would want to ride the sack book and spend the day in bed. And all day long, until he found out who really got it, he would lie on his cot and worry about runaway tanks, with drunken drivers coming straight at him through the tent wall.

Almost nobody would actually do this.

Oh, two or three among the weaker soldiers might. But most of the battalion, carried by esprit, or discipline, or the fear of showing fear, would press on—and handle the problem. But the old soldiers would worry, and that is the principal point to be taken from the example. They would worry because they would know it could happen to them.

It comes to all men. To some soon, to some late, and most men are able to handle it, some better than others. But somewhere in that quarter of a century between 20 and 45 comes the realization that you aren't bulletproof. It is, at best, a sobering experience.

It came to me, one winter evening just at dark, in the Alabama River Cutoff, and its causative agent was, as might be expected, some cherrybark oak. The Cutoff leaves the Alabama a mile north of Wilkin Bend and empties into the Tombigbee nearly seven miles above the junction of the rivers. By air, from river to river, it is four miles. By water, through the Cutoff, it's a trifle more than six. In summer,

Continued

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when the water is low, it's shallow enough to wade and almost without flow. Late in the fall, especially when there is a rise on the Alabama and not on the Tombigbee, there's a brisk current. In either season it's narrow, crooked as hell and bristles with stumps, snags and trees that have fallen from the banks.

Three of us were spending the week-end working and hunting on a houseboat tied off near Seaboard Bluff on the Tombigbee. We had gone in a skiff through the Cutoff to the Alabama side early in the afternoon hoping to scatter a drove of turkeys for the next morning. Somebody did, and for the life of me I can't remember whether it was Jim or Bill, but I know it was not me because I remember hearing the shot just at flying-up time and then relaxing. On the way back to the skiff, with the pressure off, I stumbled across a group of four cherrybarks, all in the 30-inch diameter class. I spent an undue amount of time wandering around them and patting the bark and admiring their form and doing all those other

pointless things fanatics are apt to do.

It was a raw, gray, cloudy day in the middle of December. I didn't bother to take out my compass and check my position—professionals do thickheaded things like that all the time—and so I started out a shade too far south and came to the riverbank a quarter and a half below the boat, already late. When I reached the boat, my two friends had been waiting there for 20 minutes and, with a pointed politeness that was actually painful, carefully refrained from asking where I had been.

We were using an open skiff that afternoon because all the bigger, more comfortable workboats had something wrong with them. They always seemed to in the wintertime when you want protection from the spray and the chill. In the summer, when the breezes would be welcome, the workboats seem as sturdy as the pyramids, and there's no legitimate reason to use a skiff.

Bill reached under the seat at the stern, produced a bottle of bourbon, and sug-

gested that to help ward off the cold wind, we drink one on the way back to the houseboat. The bottle went the length of the boat, twice, and its contents hit the three of us like hammers. I've had that happen before, but only when I was cold and tired and wet. There seems to be some sort of catalyst in the combination of those three circumstances that doubles the proof and results in instant hilarity. The Distilled Spirits Council ought to look into it.

When we turned out of the Alabama into the Cutoff it was nearly dark and the Alabama was six feet higher than the Tombigbee. The current in the Cutoff was swift, crowding eight knots. There are two courses of action open to you in such a situation. The sober, reliable and responsible thing to do is to poke along and accept the gathering darkness as something you cannot change. Then after it gets dark, if you do run over something, you are far less likely to damage the boat or throw its occupants into the cold water.



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If you were born dumb, and not only stayed dumb but worked at it all the rest of your life, you do it the way we did. Safe behind our shields of immortality, we went the whole way, wide open and half drunk, so as to get through quickly before it got dark. Every time the boat slid sideways in a turn, or Bill had to fight it off the bank on the outside of a curve, we whooped in exhilaration. The whole experience was purely and simply an addle-brained scandal. If you had a teen-aged son and he pulled such a stunt, and you caught him at it, you would whip him till his nose bled.

At something beyond the halfway point, I happened to look down and see a snag go by the side of the boat at a distance of almost six inches. Bill and Jim had, at the time, eight children between them, all small, and the thought popped into my head that these guys were irresponsible and ought to be ashamed of themselves. They could go a long way toward populating a moderately sized orphanage with actions like this. I remem-

ber thinking that I hoped the widows would arrange to have the funerals on different days. Since I would undoubtedly be asked to bear both palls, I didn't see how I could manage to jump from church to church and from coffin to coffin, and I certainly didn't want to leave either of them out.

Right in the middle of these sobering and gloomy realizations, there came an even more sobering one. I, too, was in the boat. And then it occurred to me that the lids of coffins close just as solidly over the faces of the childless as they do over the faces of fathers. No bells rang. No trumpets blew. But right there, right then, I crossed the line.

We got to the Tombigbee end of the Cutoff—undrowned. Because the river at that point is nearly 300 yards wide there was a trifling bit more light, even at 6 p.m., and we made it the rest of the way downstream to the houseboat without running into anything. But when we tied up to the cleat and unloaded the stuff, a third less stupidity came out of the boat

than had gone into it when we first started out.

Since then I flatter myself that I have handled this knowledge of my mortality as well as any man, but I know that my immortality is gone. And I know that I have to handle it, every time. It has to be reloaded after every incident. It's no longer automatic.

We still do a lot of work in and around the Cutoff. I still hunt and fish, my forestry company has logging crews there and plants hardwood there, and I go there frequently to visit several kinds of operations. On either business or pleasure, I go through the Cutoff a dozen times a year. Every time I come to that curve now, precisely as I have done every time since the incident, I look out of the boat and down into the water and see something. You wouldn't be able to see it, but I see it every time. There on the bottom, aged and moldering and partially covered with mud, is somebody's immortal shield.

It has a nasty, jagged crack—right through the middle. END

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Reminiscence

by MICHAEL GLOBETTI

TRYING TO TEACH A BACKYARD BEAGLE TO HUNT RABBITS CAN BE A DOG'S LIFE

We'd broken off the hunt to eat lunch, retreating with heavy game bags to the shack next to which the trucks were parked. Mr. George propped himself regally upon a tailgate, a sow's-meat sandwich in one hand, his customary Camel in the other. His beagles gathered at his feet, whining for food, and then rolled themselves into a knot when a crumb hit the ground. "These hounds deserve to be fed," Mr. George decreed. "Didn't quit on a rabbit all mornin'."

He pointed dolorously to a dog standing apart from the others. "That'n of yours," he said, smiling crookedly at me, "let's see now, boy, we can either shoot that no-account on the spot or maybe your daddy's got the kind heart to let you keep 'im for a lap dog."

Lap dog. Mr. George's words couldn't have been more deflating. I eyed Bo pathetically. At 13, I'd hunted with men for years but didn't feel I'd be one of them until I had a dog of my own. Now I had Bo. I'd been certain he'd match the other beagles' scent and step as they trailed the big cane-cutter rabbits through Alabama bottomland and cotton fields, but instead he'd followed at my feet on this last day of hunting season, impervious to what was breaking all around him.

I'd gotten Bo a week earlier from an older cousin, who had promised me a pup from his pack of beagles just before he was sent to Vietnam. The minute he returned home to Birmingham I reminded him of his offer. His face went blank before he apologized. There were no litters on the ground and none of his bitches was expecting. But he'd noticed the tears I tried to squint away and called a few days later with the news that he'd found a beagle for me. The dog was three years old, a pet who'd never been out of the backyard and whose owner had decided he couldn't afford to keep the dog.

Now, sitting on my father's lap in the crowded pickup cab on the drive home from the hunt, I made a silent vow that Bo would get a chance to redeem himself. Maybe he'd failed afield, but with those looks, that majestic head and that nose marked with a sweeping white stripe, he

was worth working on. That night—and for many nights after—I ended my prayers "... and please let Bo learn to hunt." I believed he would, too.

Eight months remained before the start of the next hunting season, and because I hadn't discovered girls, cars or shopping malls, my time belonged to Bo. Teaching him to hunt, however, called for a companion dog, a beagle already trained, and I didn't have one. I decided to improvise. I went to the library and scoured books and magazines for any mention of rabbit hunting. In a dusty issue of an outdoors magazine was the article I needed on how to be a lead dog for an unpartnered puppy. It was all there: how to jump a rabbit in front of a pup and "bark" while giving chase; how to zigzag through brush where a rabbit might squat to elude pursuit. Unfortunately, the story addressed itself to dogs six weeks to six months old; few beagles take up hunting at Bo's age. My reclamation project had hit a snag. But then, on second thought, I figured if people in

creek water and barking at iron-ore trains on their way to the blast furnaces. Trying to set an example for him by chasing the rabbits myself proved futile; he followed me, but disregarded the rabbits. I sought out all sorts of diversions—whittling, sampling the sumptuous nectar of honeysuckle blossoms, picking blackberries or idly removing "beggh-lic" from my clothes—to avoid the truth, that Bo was no closer to hunting than the day I got him.

But I was resolute. We went to the woods on sunny days because an extra half-hour of daylight came in handy for us, and we went on rainy days because Daddy said wet ground sensitized a hound's smell. We even went during a rare Alabama snow flurry, when I deluded myself into believing that if Bo saw a rabbit against a white backdrop, he'd begin to hunt. Occasionally he'd put his nose to the ground to sniff where another dog had been or would go into the kudzu and come out with a discarded Vienna sausage tin in his mouth.



their 70s could earn college degrees, Bo still might make the grade as a hunting dog. The article's instructions were simple, and for Bo's sake I began leading a dog's life, though I came up short of asking Mama for dog biscuits in my school lunch sack.

Every day after school Bo and I went to Black Dump, a wooded site between two large steel mills where no hunting was allowed and small game thrived. We always seared up a couple of rabbits, but they made no impression on Bo. He was happy to be set free from the backyard and took pleasure from leisurely drinks of

We worked through the spring and summer and tightened what a boy and his dog feel for each other. Sometimes I wasn't sure how to interpret Bo's behavior. One day I found him in the yard of a neighbor, an aunt of the Oakland A's then owner, Charlie Finley, stirring up a pecan tree at a gray squirrel I hoped he'd chased there. Another afternoon, on the way home from the dump, I heard strange musical notes wafting from an overgrown lot where a house had burned down. Investigating, I discovered Bo perched on the charred keys of a piano, his head weaving frantically to avoid the

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arched throats of an irritated tomcat. Daddy once insisted that even the best beagles occasionally mistake a stray cat for a rabbit, but I'd doubted it. A few days later, the priest from our church, which was across the street, came over to ask after Bo. Because I'd bagged my first catcutter on a riverbank one Saturday before serving as altar boy at five o'clock Mass, I wasn't too bashful to ask him to say a prayer for Bo.


In late September, a couple of weeks before the opening of hunting season, I sat on the side of an old Civilian Conservation Corps bridge, skipping rocks across a creek and contemplating the name *A SIGH BE SIGH* spray-painted over the bridge's other concrete railing. Junior, a boyhood friend of my father's and the only man I knew who died in Vietnam, had been on my mind ever since I'd served at his funeral a few months earlier. Bo had wandered off, presumably to find a place to lie down. It was a Friday, football practice had finished early, and in my daydreams I already was big enough to play defense for the Crimson Tide. Out of nowhere came a bark I'd wanted to hear so badly for so long that I almost didn't hear it at all. Again and again it sounded, each bellow drawing closer. Just then, a rabbit darted past. Bo was right behind. As he ran by, that handsome head turned toward me as if to say, "So this is what it's all about." Then he went on with his business.

I'll never know what motivated Bo to hunt. Maybe it was steady encouragement. I sometimes think he was hedging on me until he got everything just right, like a child overdue to talk who says his first words in textbook English. He became an outstanding hunting dog so quickly that it was as if he was bent on making up for lost time. The briars were never too thick or the side of a hollow too steep when Bo got after a rabbit. He hunted till he dropped.

When the season wound down to its last day, Mr. George propped his leg on a brushpile where Bo had just jumped a rabbit and decided he ought to do a little horse trading. "Let's see now, boy," he said through his Camel. "I'm of a mind to offer \$100 and two of my hounds for that'n of yours."

I pulled an apple from the pocket of my hunting coat and sliced off a bite with a barlow knife. "You mean to say, Mr. George," I asked with a smile, "you'd give that much for a lap dog?"

END



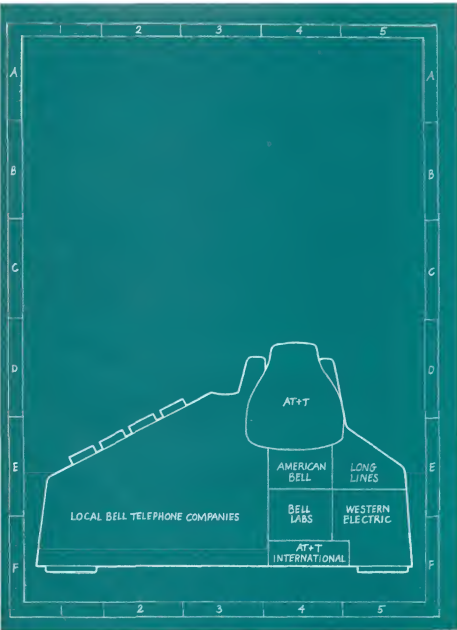
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PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THREE-CUSHION BILLIARDS IS TO POOL WHAT CHESS IS TO CHINESE CHECKERS

When you mention billiards, most people think of pool—eight-ball, nine-ball, call-shot, rotation and the like, which are pocket billiard games. When you mention three-cushion billiards, most people don't have any idea what you're referring to. So, here's what that game is all about:

Three-cushion billiards is played on a pocketless 5- by 10-foot table somewhat larger than a regulation pool table which is 4½ by 9 feet. Only three balls are used in the game. One of them is red, two are white. One of the white balls is marked with a black dot. One player uses the plain white ball as his cue ball throughout a game, while his opponent uses the dotted white ball as his. Each cue ball also doubles as an object ball, and the red one always serves as an object ball. A game may consist of as many points as the opponents agree upon—from fifteen to fifty would be the usual range—and to score a point, or billiard, a player must execute a shot that causes his cue ball to hit three or more cushions and one of the object balls, in any sequence, before it hits the other object ball. There are two basic shots in the game. The carom shot: The cue ball hits an object ball first, then rebounds from three cushions and finally hits the second object ball. The bank shot: The cue ball banks off three cushions first, then bounces off one object ball into the other.

It's no exaggeration to state that anything approaching mastery of the game requires a genuinely creative mind. Every shot a player tries—and there are hundreds of traditional ones—must be accurately planned in the player's mind before it can be successfully executed. Once the proper angles have been reasoned out, they must be accomplished by deftly controlling the speed of the stroke and the spin imparted to the cue ball, techniques which involve both geometry and physics.

Various methods have been devised to help players master the difficulties of the game. One of the most popular is called The 5 System, which is explained thoroughly in *The Master's Book of Pool and Bil-*

liards, by Joe Alton (Crown Publishers, Inc.): "If you shoot toward the far end of the table from a specific point, and if you count subdivisions from the far end of the table to the rebound points along both rails, you will discover that the total number of subdivisions equals the number of the point from which the shot was made." Well, sure.

About the only thing left to add to all of this is that the game is by no means as simple as it sounds. While any run-of-the-mill beer hall eight-baller can sink six shots in a row and while the best straight-pool players have runs that number in the hundreds, a run of five is a notable achievement for an experienced three-cushion billiard player. National class competitors occasionally run 10 points, and since the first U.S. tournament, which was held in St. Louis in 1878, no



more than half a dozen men have made runs of 20 or more.

My own three-cushion career began 30 years ago in Hawaii when a high school friend and I had a spearfishing trip at Waikiki Beach canceled out by a rainstorm. Even though we weren't members, we waited out to the Elks Club near the tip of Diamond Head. We'd heard that it was an easy place to sneak into and that the pool tables were of excellent quality—not to mention free—so we were hoping to kill the rainy day with some eight-ball.

Instead, we ended up watching two elderly gentlemen at a three-cushion bil-

liard table, which was something neither of us had ever seen, or heard of, before. The winner of the match, who must have been 75, asked us if we'd care to learn the game. "I'd be more than happy to instruct you," he said with a formal bow. "It's nice to see some young members using the club for a change."

So we played with him for an hour or so, and he showed us a sampling of simple shots. After that, we remained for 10 or 12 hours, until the bartender threw us out at closing time. We were fascinated with billiards, and for the next two years I'm sure we put in as much time at it as any of the club's legitimate members. In the summer of 1955, not long before I left Hawaii for college, I was elated when I finally managed a run of three.

Three-cushion billiards is no better known than chalk stream dry fly fishing in many parts of the country, but, as luck would have it, there were a few tables in the student union at the University of Colorado in Boulder. I played there three or four nights a week, sometimes alone, sometimes with a center on the football team named Charlie Scribner. The run of four that I made my junior year was as satisfying as anything I accomplished as an undergraduate.

A few years later, while I was in the Army, my billiards career reached its apex. With about six months to go in my tour, I was transferred from Germany to Fort Ord in Monterey, Calif., where my only duties were cleaning up a company rec room each weekday morning. The day room had been furnished with a billiard table instead of the customary pool table, so after I finished my superficial sweeping and dusting, I was able to practice for several hours a day. A week or two before my discharge I finally made a run of five. When my tour was up, I was almost sorry to leave.

I've played a few games of three-cushion since then, but have never lived where regular play was convenient. And I've missed billiards, though I hadn't realized how much until last fall, when I watched what is purported to be the world's largest tournament. More than 100 shooters from as far away as The Netherlands played for a week at the Elks Club in Medford, Ore.

I drove to Medford for the finals, in which a player named Jim McFarland beat Bill Spodaford even though Spodaford had the tournament's longest run—11. Some of the players I watched were

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more than 80 and all of them were good.

No other sporting event I've seen has produced anything quite like the dignified, yet exciting atmosphere at that match. Almost every shot provided moments of genuine suspense, usually occurring between the time I realized what a player was trying to do with a shot and the time when it finally succeeded or failed. Everything was, surprisingly, pleasantly quiet. In fact, the players, always concentrating on the table, seldom spoke. Most of their shots were softly hit, the balls rebounding noiselessly from the cushions and clicking when they ricocheted off one another. A good shot by an opponent was acknowledged by four or five raps on the floor with the rubber butt of a cue stick. The referees would almost whisper, "Three for Mr. Spadaforte," at the completion of an inning, or, "No billiard," when a player missed a close shot.

I talked to Ron Negless, chairman of the tournament, about the game. "I can't understand why it isn't more popular," he said. "Except that it's so difficult. A world-class player averages a point an inning. On the other hand, it's the difficulty that's attractive. Most of us start at pool and end up wanting more of a challenge. And I don't know of anybody who's gone back to pool again after getting started in this. Sometimes it goes too far. People get irrational. They'll try anything to improve. I know, because it's happened to me. The game takes up so much of my time that I've tried to quit more than once, but I just can't do it permanently. There's so much improvement possible, no matter how good you are. Truth is, billiards becomes an addiction, an obsession. I really think that once you start, it's impossible to give it up. Maybe you can break away for a while, but sooner or later you're bound to come back."

I think Negless knows what he's talking about.

I've already begun trying to talk my wife into letting me buy a billiard table. We have a fairly small house, but I've taken the measurements, and a table could fit in our living room and still leave space for the couch and a chair or two. The state college in town offers classes in geometry and physics. With sufficient effort, I'm sure I'll begin to understand The 5 System, and with three hours of practice a day—certainly no more than four—I'll have chalked up a run of six by 1990 or so.

END

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STEVEN BRALEY
Oak Tree Country Club
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...and invites you to nominate your favorite golf pro for 1983.

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Merchandiser of the Year nominations for 1983 are now being accepted. If you think your golf professional merits consideration for the award, just fill out and

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Regional PGA committees evaluate every nominee. From sectional finalists, three national Merchandisers of the Year will be chosen by a panel of PGA officers, representatives from the Golf Manufacturers & Distributors Association, *Sports Illustrated*, and a leading manufacturer's "rep" organization.

Spend a moment to say "thank you" to a golf professional who's spent years serving you and your fellow golfers well.

"PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year" Nominating Form

Mail to: Sports Illustrated—Room 1943, Time-Life Bldg, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020

Name of your Pro Nominee (please print) _____

Your Name _____

Golf Course Name _____

Address _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Category (check one) ☐ Private ☐ Public ☐ Resort

NOTE: All nominees must be PGA members

Here's why my nominee deserves consideration for this award (indicate your pro's strengths by checking appropriate statements below):

- ☐ Pro knows me and how I play the game
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

NATIONAL LEAGUE SUPERIORITY
Sir:

I commend Jim Kaplan on his American League vs. National League story (*It's the Nationals' Pastime*, April 4). I've been a dedicated Phillies fan for years and am relieved to discover I'm not the only one who thinks the National is the superior league. Everyone in my family roots for the White Sox, and I rarely can mention the National League without enduring an American League rebuttal. Ever since I showed my family this article, however, things have been pretty quiet around our house.

PAUL KELLY
Johet, Ill.

Sir:

In response to Jim Kaplan's assertion that the National League is "vastly superior" to the American League, I say baloney! He says, "In truth, there was more to St. Louis' win [in the '82 Series] than the missing [Brewer Pitcher Rolfe] Fingers." Like what? The Cardinals try harder? They're more team oriented? They've got more tradition? They're better players because they're accustomed to performing on a carpet? No thanks! I can't buy it! And I can't buy Bum Luck, The Stue Syndrome, The Pete Rose Syndrome or Ball-park Fever either.

As for Kaplan's "innings" seven and eight, concerning umpiring and the DH rule, both pertain to an aspect of baseball that is subjective. Kaplan likes ground balls; I like home runs. As for his points about blacks and Hispanics and farm systems, I'll grant that the National League may have the edge there, but he's wrong in his ninth inning, entitled *Speed Kills*. When you play defense on a cement slab, as half the teams in the National League do in their home parks, you'd better be fast, which carries over to the offense in terms of stolen bases and extra bases. It's easier to hit a ball through a hole on a rug, so faster players—which often means weaker hitters—are perfect. But is this turf-tailored speed to be interpreted as constituting a more aggressive league? Then I suppose artificial turf is better. Come on, Kaplan, get serious!

When the Cardinals have to come from three runs behind in the seventh game—the fourth played on artificial turf—to win against a team stripped of its relief ace, I'm not so sure I'd call them vastly superior.

THOMAS O'FLANAGAN
Barton, Wis.

Sir:

Jim Kaplan's article proclaiming the National League's supposed superiority made my American League blood boil. The Ameri-

can League is no pushover! In fact, it might be better than the National League.

In the first place, the All-Star Game proves nothing, except perhaps that National League fans are better at choosing players for their team. As for the World Series, Texas Vice-president and General Manager Joe Klein is absolutely right. The only thing that the National League's winning of the World Series proves is that it is better in four out of seven games in October. Many times only one run better!

Using the fact that the National League has won four Series in a row as evidence of overwhelming supremacy is simply wrong! I'd like to see one of your prized National League teams in the American League East. At least the Toronto Blue Jays would have some company!

BOBBY RUE
New York City

Sir:

At the same time Jim Kaplan was relegating the American League to Triple A status, American Leaguers were routing the Nationals up and down both coasts of Florida and in the deserts of Arizona.

If Kaplan's right, it would seem that the National League should have dominated the exhibition season. No way The American League played .554 baseball, the National .436. Nine American League teams were over .500, only two National League clubs hit the break-even figure.

Is the National League really as dominant as Kaplan says—or is he just biased?

DYCK ILIFF
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Jim Kaplan can talk all he wants to about the National League and how it is better than the American League. It probably is. But the one thing that keeps me an American League fan is that the National League also has a monopoly on conceit.

ROBERT M. DONOVAN
Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

When are we going to put an end to the stupid arguments over which league is better? It's like two children fighting over whose dad is better. There's just no way to make a fair judgment. For every reason one can offer as to why the Nationals are better, there's an equal argument for the Americans. All those loyal league supporters who insist on continuing this endless battle should take a tip from Albert Einstein. It's all relative!

BRIAN SWITZER
Amherst, Mass.**GALVIN GRIFFITH**
Sir:

The addition of Gary Smith's writing to your pages is wonderful news. His knack for exposing minute details and bringing his subjects to life was illustrated in his fine piece on Twins owner Calvin Griffith (*A Lingering Vestige of Yesterday*, April 4).

TODD TIBERI
Phillipsburg, N.J.

Sir:

For many years, I have watched Calvin Griffith get rid of baseball players to save money. In the process, the Twins have become a minor league team with major league ticket prices. What emerged from Gary Smith's story was the portrait of a lonely old man meeting his emotional needs by trying to run a ball club. Maybe Griffith's history of peddling players on the verge of making it financially goes beyond saving money. Maybe it's his unconscious response to his having been permanently "traded" to his Uncle Clark at age 10. If so, may God help him. Maybe then Calvin will be able to sit back and let his talented young Twins grow and mature together, like a family.

RICK SWENSON
St. Paul

Sir:

Having been one of the thousands of college baseball players who never got his feet wet in pro ball, it's great to have one owner who would rather give a rookie a chance in the major leagues than keep on his team has-been who should wear dollar signs instead of numbers on their backs.

Salaries have risen beyond the growth rate of the game, and, unfortunately, only one owner, Griffith, has had the guts to resist the trend.

STEVE McDONALD
Jacksonville

Sir:

I am a syndicated political cartoonist here in Minnesota and I've got Calvin Griffith's caricature down pat. He is an easy man to take pot shots at. But silently I respect his fortitude, admire his unequalled eye for young talent and thank him for keeping big league baseball in Minnesota. Your article simply brought to the attention of millions of SI readers what thousands of Twins fans already know: Calvin Griffith loves baseball and is doing the best he can. And how can you hate a guy for that?

PETER KOHLASAT
Duluth

Sir:

Hang in there, Calvin Griffith. I'll take
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CARTER AND THE CARDS

Sir,

What a pleasure it was to see Gary Carter beaming on the cover of your Special Baseball Issue (April 4)! Just reading Ron Fimrite's article (*His Enthusiasm Is Catching*) about this terrific player and sincere person is enough to make anybody an Expos fan.

I've been following Carter and his team for years, and I eagerly anticipate seeing him beaming on your cover again in October, when Montreal was the pennant.

JONATHAN J. COHEN
Newport, Mass.

Sir,

I've been waiting since last October for your baseball preview to see one of the world champion Cardinals on the cover, and who do I get? Gary Carter! Come on.

MICHAEL PERCHUN
Jersey City, N.J.

FAVORITES

Sir,

My day was made when I read this year's baseball scouting reports (April 4). I was ex-

pecting you to bury the Orioles in the middle of the American League East, as you've done in the past. Imagine my surprise when you finally discovered what we O's fans have known for years! They're tops.

MARY MYLERS
Annapolis, Md.

Sir,

You really surprised me this year. I didn't think anyone would pick the Tigers higher than fourth. You picked them second behind the Birds. If their bullpen holds together, I think they'll go all the way. Besides, fate is on their side. Every time Detroit has won the World Series—1935, '45 and '68—the Cardinals have won it the year before.

JOL R. SARGOTT
Lanonia, Mich.

Sir,

Milwaukee in third place, behind Detroit and Baltimore? Ha! Brewer fans will have the last laugh when Harvey Kuhn spits out the first jet of tobacco juice at this year's World Series.

NEIL MILLMAN
Chicago

Sir,

The Braves fourth in the National League West? As a Dodger fan, I have mixed emo-

tions about this. Naturally, I'm glad you picked L.A. ahead of Atlanta, but I guess you thought that the Braves' winning the National League West last year was a fluke. Unfortunately, I don't. Atlanta has a good offensive team, and it has improved its pitching. So come October, expect the Braves to finish, let's say, second.

DAVID RAINS
Pascagoula, Miss.

NUMBERS

Sir,

Henry Hecht came through with another fine article on my favorite subject—baseball stats (*A Box Full of Goodies*, April 4). His excellent history of box scores had only one shortcoming—the key omission of the classic box score line achieved by Steve Garvey on Aug. 28, 1977: 5 5 5 5! I doubt that this feat live at bats, runs, hits and RBIs—has ever been matched. Keep the numbers coming.

ALAN HOLMAN
Harbor City, Calif.

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